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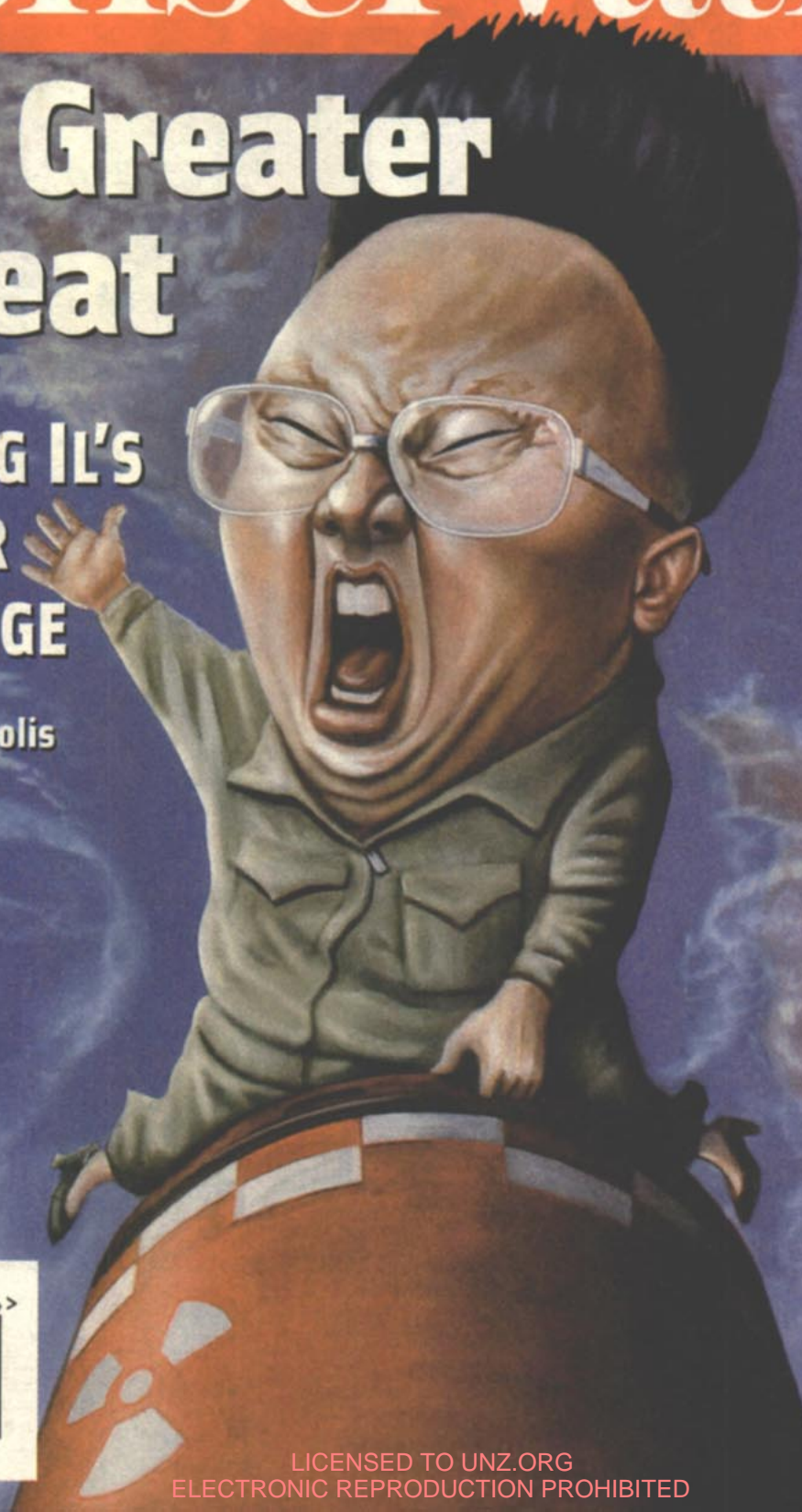
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The American Conservative

The Greater Threat

**KIM JONG IL'S
NUCLEAR
CHALLENGE**

By Eric S. Margolis



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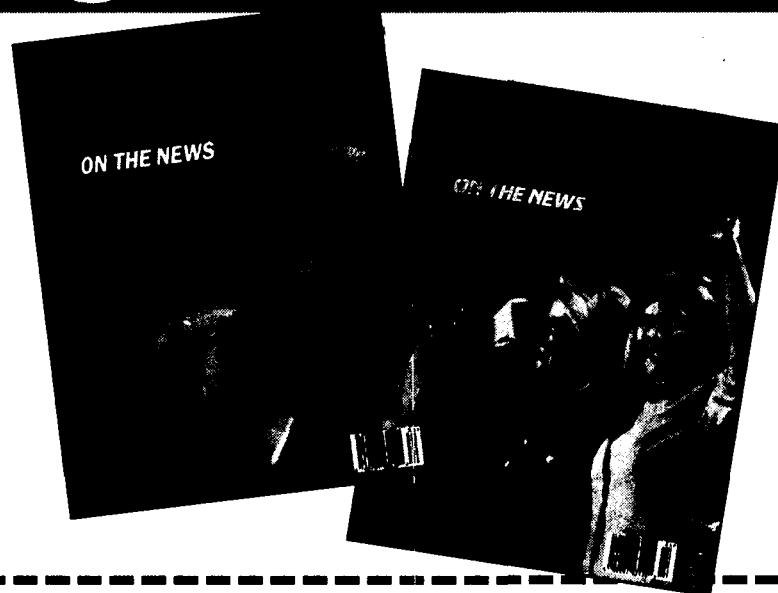
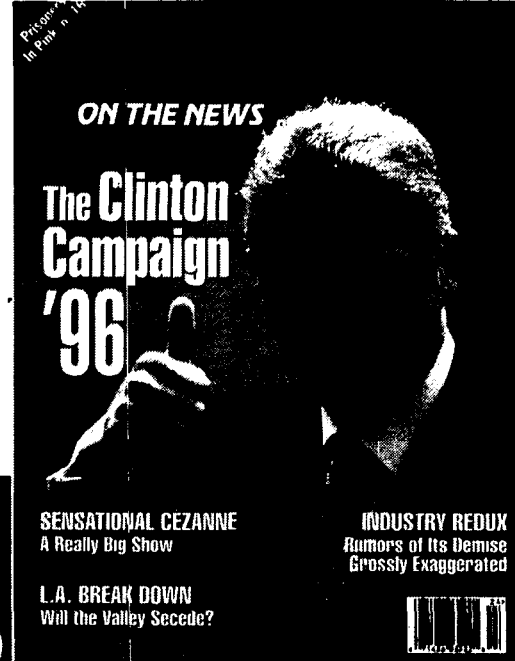
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[WAR]

FREE FALL

American troops will probably be in battle by the time this is read, and we join one and all in wishing them a speedy victory with minimal loss of life. Unless Iraq has a serious terrorist capability in this country, the greater problems are likely to emerge after Saddam's regime is destroyed. On the eve of war, several significant items caught our attention: 1) A *New York Times* story relating that al-Qaeda has successfully used the prospect of an Iraq invasion to gain new recruits, quoting intelligence officials who point to much larger audiences in the Arab world for radical anti-American arguments; 2) a poll conducted by Zogby International showing that favorable attitudes toward the United States in Arab countries have dropped to all-time lows, with positive views of the U.S. down to single digits in some nations; 3) Fareed Zakaria's sober and lucid essay in last week's *Newsweek*—"Why America Scares the World"—which took no small amount of courage for a mass market magazine in a week of stories about "freedom fries"; 4) the somber op-ed by Fred Hiatt in the *Washington Post* outlining what a nuclear bomb would do to New York City and how little the administration has done to ward off that danger.

The fact is that the serious threats facing the United States (Saddam Hussein is not one of them) cannot be met without the co-operation of other countries. And yet the Bush administration has proceeded as if on a mission to antagonize the world. With its dismissive attitude toward European allies of long-standing, its neglect of the Middle East peace process, and its general "it doesn't matter if they like us so long as they fear us" ineptitude, the White House has engineered a fall in America's global diplomatic standing so precipitous it would have seemed impossible two years ago. In Iraq, our forces will fight



bravely and effectively. But to win a durable peace, they will need smarter diplomacy behind them than they have had thus far.

[CONGRESS]

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

With Americans paying up to \$3.15 for a gallon of gas, logic suggests that Congress would consider trimming the 18.4-cent federal gas tax. But in an up-the-down-staircase turn, our representatives are proposing just the opposite. The Republican leaders of the House Transportation and Infrastructure Committee are pushing a 20-cent-per-gallon tax hike over the next six years.

Why would Congress contemplate such a counterintuitive move (other than the obvious "Congress" part)? To satisfy the New Deal demands of the president's spending programs? To finance a war that wasn't provisioned in the administration's latest budget? Or to cash in on Iraq occupation? Indeed, "liberation" by the installation of an American military government means that we would gain control of 10 percent of the world's oil reserves. Could Congress be so far-sighted as to offset that price advantage with a tax increase already?

No answer speaks well of the state of Republican principles. Fiscal profligacy and international adventuring have no place in conservative tradition. But that supposes fellowship between conservatism and the GOP, a bond broken long ago.

[DEFAMATION]

RABBI HIER'S RECKLESS CHARGE

As a Catholic traditionalist in Hollywood, Mel Gibson is certainly a sign of contradiction in the world. Moreover, his next film, *The Passion*, will be a sympathetic portrayal of the suffering and death of Christ.

Enter the Simon Wiesenthal Center. While admitting he hadn't seen the movie, the organization's founder, Rabbi Marvin Hier, issued a press release warning about *The Passion*'s potential anti-Semitism. "What does concern me," he says, "is when I read that the film's purpose is to undo the changes made by Vatican II. ... If the new film seeks to do that, ... it would unleash more of the scurrilous charges of deicide directed against the Jewish people, which took the Catholic Church twenty centuries to finally repudiate." Reuters picked up the story and put it on the wire.

Never mind that Gibson has nowhere

stated that his film's purpose is to roll back Vatican II. Never mind that Rabbi Hier misconstrues pre-Vatican-II Catholic doctrine, which did not teach Jewish collective guilt. The Catechism of the Council of Trent (published 1566) reads, "[O]ur sins consigned Christ the Lord to the death of the cross" and "[M]en of all ranks and conditions were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ. Gentiles and Jews were the advisers, the authors, the ministers of His Passion."

Rabbi Hier could have discovered the truth with a simple Google search, but when it comes to charging anti-Semitism, the Wiesenthal Center's approach seems to be smear first, fact-check later.

[IMMIGRATION]

COOKING FIRES ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR

Unemployment is rising, the budget deficit is exploding, terrorists who can hide in the expanding sea of new immigrants are a constant concern, but don't worry: the cultural enrichment program known as mass immigration goes on.

The latest evidence was a cheerful story in the *New York Times* heralding the pending arrival in the U.S. of the entire tribe of 12,000 Somali Bantu. Roger McGrath wrote of the Somalis coming to America for *The American Conservative* last fall: they settled in Atlanta and shortly thereafter sent out search parties looking for cities with high welfare benefits. They soon settled on the alarmingly pale city of Lewiston, Maine and journeyed there *en masse*. According to the invaluable VDARE.com, Somalis, making up three percent of the city's population, have snagged 46 percent of Lewiston's welfare budget.

These Bantu now inhabit refugee camps in Kenya, where they are being prepared for their new lives in the United States. The *Times* reports that they are taking classes in how to use a toilet and

sink and enthusiastically watch videos of American life. The *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, in another piece designed to prepare the way for the new arrivals, alluded to some of the difficulties facing people who have never seen a light switch. A refugee worker, speaking from long experience in settling African refugees in American cities, described one problem: "We explained the kitchen over and over again, and the question was still 'Where do I build the fire to cook my food?'"

The issue is why the Bantu are being resettled in the United States at all. Mozambique and Tanzania, the Bantu's ancestral homeland, agreed to take them in but ultimately decided it would be too expensive. Is it really beyond the imagination of the Bush administration to come up with financial aid to resettle the Bantu there, at much less cost, than to locate them in American cities? Problem is, we suppose, the United States would miss out on the diversity.

[DISSENT]

RACHEL CORRIE, 1979-2003

More will be heard about the Rachel Corrie, the courageous 23-year-old American crushed beneath an Israeli bulldozer as she blocked its demolition of a Palestinian home. Days before her death, the young activist wrote to her parents, "I don't know if many of the children here have ever existed without tank-shell holes in their walls and the towers of an occupying army surveying them constantly." Palestine's children will remember, and if time does justice to her memory, American children will also hear of Rachel Corrie's sacrifice and multiply her mission.

As we overlook the edge of war, this first casualty throws into stark relief America's conflicting beliefs about the Middle East and bids us ask once again how we were drawn into this region's cauldron of hate. ■

The American Conservative

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MACDONALD DEFENDED

John Derbyshire's article (March 10) is a bad precedent. He's obviously a trimmer. He seems to find Kevin MacDonald's ideas dynamic and interesting but for the sake of his career pretends to find them offensive. Is there a neocon in the woodpile? Is *The American Conservative* going to make a habit out of sucking up to the *status quo*? Please, just tell us the truth without cocking an eye at Caligula to see if he's pleased with what you're saying.

HOWARD O'BRIEN
New York, N.Y.

WE REFUSE

I have been following *AC* since it started. Since there is no print publication that is truly conservative, I have been quietly waiting and watching. The John Derbyshire review ensures that I will not ever subscribe.

Derbyshire demonstrates that he has no grasp whatsoever of *Culture of Critique* or MacDonald's theoretical framework. Your refusal to print a rebuttal calls into serious question your motives for printing the review in the first place. Looks to me like a preemptive strike, otherwise you would be willing to engage in dialogue. You might as well sell out to *National Review* now and get it over with.

VIRGIL HUSTON
via email

The Editors respond:

It is not our practice, nor do we have space, to print authors' replies to our book reviews. Readers curious to see MacDonald's response can visit <http://www.csulb.edu/~kmacd/derbyshire.htm>. Derbyshire responds to readers' comments at <http://olimu/Notes/CultureOfCritique.htm>.

FORGIVE OUR TRESPASSES

Congratulations to Mr. Sutherland for his article (March 10). He provided a

very lucid and concise description of the threat we see unfolding around here in Tucson daily. One additional item that I am sure he would have included if space had allowed: the unprecedented joint communication by the Mexican and U.S. Catholic Bishops calling on the U.S. to recognize the "rights" of migrants to cross the border unimpeded. It would appear "liberation theology" has arrived alive and well on the Rio Grande.

MICHAEL TAYLOR
Tucson, Ariz.

PANHANDLER PEACENIKS

Neil Clark (March 10) demonstrated why a Left-Right coalition is in the interests of the Left; he also showed why such a coalition is not in the interests of conservatives. Clark has pinpointed the Left's problem: it is a bunch of Flower Children who refuse to grow up. Furthermore, Leftists are so ossified by political correctness that they rival the Spanish Inquisition in intolerance.

I am not a pacifist; indeed, I regard pacifists as the moral equivalent of panhandlers, who want freedom but refuse to pay for it. Yet, the freedom of this nation is not at stake. Iraq may be a miserable little despotism, but it poses no threat to the United States. Unfortunately, I fear war may be inevitable. If that is the case, only the True Right, born of patriotism and populism, can reclaim the Republic, not the Left. The Right must therefore remain true to its principles and not become part of a Muligan's stew of political malcontent.

IRA PESSERILO
Ithaca, N.Y.

A NEW RIGHT

I'd definitely consider myself "on the Left." I recently picked up your mag and revealed to myself a mountain of my own ignorance. I had always associated the Right with what I'd find in the best-sellers section—Horowitz, Savage, Lim-

baugh, writing I find unworthy of discussion.

But your magazine has enlightened me to a new set of perspectives that I had not known existed, a new view of the political Right and of those who (often incorrectly) refer to themselves as "conservative." I am happy to see you representing a wide range of voices through which dialogue and critical thought can take place.

ERIC SCHULTE
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SONOROUS EAST

I am a 28-year-old man from China. I write to express my support for your ideas concerning genuine conservatism and especially your view on the proper control of immigration.

I do not oppose immigration. As a Chinese aspirant to American values and spirit, I think good immigrants add new blood and vitality, and I also long to go to your blessed land to pursue my dream and make my contribution. What I want to stress is that America must adopt a wiser standard. America should know better how to closely examine and filter the immigration-seekers, to accept the benign, decent, and talented, while precluding those who are potentially dangerous.

Finally, I want again to express my admiration for the congeniality of your wonderful magazine and wish you all the best in influencing the American public with your sound ideas and sonorous voice.

BILLY LI
Beijing, P.R.China

The American Conservative welcomes letters to the editor. Submit by e-mail to letters@amconmag.com, by fax to 703-875-3350, or by mail to 1300 Wilson Blvd., Suite 120, Arlington, VA 22209. Please include your name, address, and phone number. We reserve the right to edit all correspondence for space and clarity.

A Time for Unity

After the blowing up of the Maine in Havana harbor in 1898, McKinley issued a call for 25,000 volunteers to liberate Cuba from Spain. 1,000,000 responded. When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, the lines at recruiting

stations went around the block.

This war is different. It is a war the president and Secretary Powell said they did not want to fight but must if Iraq refuses to disarm. Thus, on the eve of war, the mood here seems less one of war enthusiasm than of resignation and a grim resolve to get it over with.

The war debate has been protracted and bitter. Now it is over, and patriotism commands that when American soldiers face death in battle, the American people unite behind them.

Yet before the first shot is fired, it is clear the world we knew has changed forever. Old institutions have been shaken, old alliances riven. Some will not be rebuilt or repaired in our lifetimes.

How far away seems Sept. 11. After that horror, *Le Monde* headlined France's solidarity with us: "We are all Americans now!"

Yet, only 18 months later, President Bush had to meet his British and Spanish allies at a U.S. air base on an isolated rock in the Atlantic. Had he gone to Madrid or London, mammoth protests would have disrupted his war summit.

NATO is shattered. For France and Germany were not content to dissent. President Chirac labored ceaselessly to sabotage U.S. policy and strip it of legitimacy. Neither his nor Gerhard Schroeder's relationship with President Bush can ever be the same. And the

British are as bitter with Chirac as the Americans. The European Union is a house divided.

As we write, Turkey appears about to reverse its parliamentary decision to deny U.S. troops use of Turkish soil to open a second front. But the stinging rebuff from our ally of 50 years will not be forgotten.

As for the UN, the benefit of two generations of indoctrination of American school kids in the myth that it is the last best hope of mankind has been lost. Should U.S. casualties be high, contempt for the UN will be pandemic.

In the Arab world, resentment of the United States and its policies has never been greater. And if war brings nightly pictures of Iraqi dead and wounded and civilians fleeing U.S. bombs in terror, the recruiters for al-Qaeda will reap a rich harvest.

In Europe, 80 to 90 percent oppose war. Tens of millions despise our president, even in Britain, Spain, and Italy. Governments in Eastern Europe are with us, but the people are not.

The question arises: why were we and the Brits so isolated diplomatically and militarily as we go to war to rid the world of the beast of Baghdad?

America led the world to victory in the Cold War. We remain the world's lone superpower, dominant in ways the British Empire never was. But as war looms, we no longer lead the world, for

the world refuses to follow. In Asia, Europe, and Latin American, tens of millions now see us as a rogue superpower. Why?

The New World Order of George H. W. Bush's vision, where the United States would work through the UN to police the world, as free trade spread and democratization deepened, can now never be realized by his son. The Clinton vision, where America would nurture the institutions of world government that would grow in power to constrain the sovereignty of nations to create world peace, is also dead.

What is America's vision now? What is our president's vision of our place and our role in the world?

Interventionism appears to have bred the very isolation that the interventionists most feared. Yet, once Saddam is dead or gone and Iraq is disarmed, the Bush Doctrine—"We will not let the world's worst dictators threaten us the world's worst weapons"—seems to require new ultimatums to Iran and North Korea.

Who will be with us in these wars? Will Tony Blair, after his near-death experience, be up for fighting another war? Where does the last superpower go after Baghdad? These questions are ahead of this nation and this president.

But today's imperative is that the United States win this war we are in with as little bloodshed as is consistent with swift and certain victory and make good on our commitment to liberate the Iraqis. The time for debate will come again. It is not now. Now, we should pray for our brave men and women and commander in chief. God bless and keep America. ■

[San Francisco: nice while it lasted]

The Greater Threat

A menace grows from Bush's Korean blind spot.

By Eric S. Margolis

PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH looks like a man who is so obsessed with hunting a pesky but elusive mouse in his basement that he fails to notice that the top floor of his house is on fire.

Two recent events capture the bizarre, almost surreal nature of the twin crises over Iraq and North Korea that now confront the stumbling Bush administration.

In February, as North Korea was threatening to "burn" South Korea and its American defenders, Japan, and Okinawa with weapons of mass destruction, the Bush administration rushed Patriot anti-missile batteries manned by U.S. Army personnel to Israel, which already had operational its own U.S.-financed \$2.4 billion Arrow anti-missile system.

Defending Israelis against Iraq, which might have a few old Scuds hidden away, was clearly a higher priority for the Bush administration than rushing additional Patriots to protect the 100,000 U.S. troops in South Korea and Japan who are in range of North Korea's 800 or more missiles, some of them nuclear, chemical, and biological-capable.

Soon after, CIA Director George Tenet warned Congress that North Korea had developed its long-range Taepodong-II ICBM to the point where it was capable

of delivering a nuclear warhead to North America. But the media were so busy trumpeting spurious administration stories about Iraq's mythical chemical trucks—a.k.a. "Winnebagos of death"—that they barely noted Tenet's deeply alarming revelation.

After this bombshell, President George Bush shrugged off the threat from North Korea in a March press conference as a "regional" problem and said it would be addressed through patient, multilateral diplomacy.

Yet Iraq, which has absolutely no offensive military capability and, very probably, few weapons of mass destruction, is such an urgent threat, according to Bush, that American lives must be spent to conquer it without delay.

By contrast, North Korea—which has three to five nuclear weapons and more on the way, medium- and long-range missiles, a huge military, and 5,000 tons of poison gas and germ weapons—is, according to Bush, merely a local problem to be solved through talk. This logical and military inversion of reality is worthy of "Alice in Wonderland."

Iraq, Bush insists, must be attacked because at some vague future date it might give or sell to anti-U.S. terrorist groups nuclear or biological weapons

that it might develop, though Baghdad did not do so from 1991 to 2003.

Meanwhile, North Korea has produced and smuggled counterfeit currency and assorted illegal drugs around the world, blown up airliners, sold Scud missiles and other arms to the Mideast, and is clearly the world's most likely black market purveyor of nuclear or biowarfare weapons for hard cash. Yet it is not considered a threat, according to the president's astounding illogic. Perhaps the Bush administration will remain in denial over North Korea until the Hermit Kingdom begins selling compact nuclear weapons on e-Bay.

The real reasons North Korea is not in Bush's gun sights are, of course, that it does not challenge Israel, has no oil, and plays no role in Christian Armageddonism. The pro-Israel lobbyists and Dr. Strangeloves who have seized control of U.S. foreign policy do not want their *jihad* against Iraq to be diverted or distracted by a crisis with North Korea. Ironically, however, it was one of their members, a former Bush speechwriter, who helped trigger the current crisis with North Korea by inserting the idiotic, inflammatory phrase "axis of evil" into the president's State of the Union address in January 2002.



CHRIS HIRS

This adolescent sobriquet convinced North Korea's nervous leadership that the increasingly hostile Bush administration was indeed bent on an invasion and "regime change" in Pyongyang. Bush's now notorious phrase was seen as signaling a major policy shift by his administration.

When North Korea's plutonium-based nuclear program was revealed in 1993, President Bill Clinton briefly considered war but then chose bribery as the lesser evil. Under the so-called Framework Agreement, backed by South Korea, Japan, and the EU, Pyongyang was promised two light-water nuclear reactors, fuel oil, food, and cash to mothball its plutonium nuclear weapons program and put it under UN supervision. CIA warnings that the North already had two or more nuclear weapons were hushed. All concerned were happy to pretend that North Korea was good as gold, though there were persistent reports that it was secretly enriching

uranium and developing new chemical and biological weapons. Pyongyang took the agreement with the Clinton administration as a *de facto* non-aggression pact.

But the advent of the Bush administration nullified Clinton's see-no-evil policy. Hardliners in the Pentagon and White House made plain their hostility to North Korea and, rightly, voiced suspicions about its covert nuclear programs. Pyongyang was quick to notice and grew deeply alarmed as the new administration pressed for war against Iraq and proclaimed a crusade to disarm all "rogue states."

When Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld branded North Korea a "terrorist state," Pyongyang became convinced, quite incorrectly, that it was next in line after Iraq for regime change. Once again, the administration's arrogance and lack of understanding of foreign affairs had created a diplomatic crisis.

Seeking to repeat its success in 1993-1994, North Korea once again rattled its nuclear sabers as a way of deterring any U.S. attack and extorting more aid from Washington, Tokyo, and Seoul. The prickly Koreans are a tough, highly nationalistic, emotional people who are not to be trifled with. If you ever wondered what became of the mightily fearsome Mongols of Genghis Khan, many ended up on the Korean Peninsula.

The Kim regime was wagering that North Korea's huge, 1.1-million man military and its 800 missiles pointed at South Korea, Japan, Okinawa, and Guam would impress on Washington that any major American attack on North Korea would ignite a bloody, full-scale war, with the overhanging threat of possible nuclear strikes in which Seoul, Tokyo, Osaka, Okinawa, and perhaps even Los Angeles or San Francisco would be vaporized.

Pyongyang was, however, also developing a less obvious, subtler strategy:

winning the hearts and minds of South Koreans. North Korea remains the world's only Stalinist dynasty. Founder Kim Il Sung successfully passed his throne to son Kim Jong Il, who is now preparing his young son for succession as Kim III. Kim I developed *Juche*, a political theology of ferocious nationalism, leader worship,

fuel from the West, remains Kim Jong Il's filial duty and primary objective. Kim appears to believe that by engineering a number of crises and confrontations with the United States, he may eventually force the Americans to withdraw most or all of their permanent 37,000-man garrison from South Korea.

on arms. The new president, Roh Moo Hyun, has made clear he will oppose war at all costs and may consider withdrawal of U.S. forces from his nation, though replacing the U.S. garrison and war stocks alone could cost South Korea—whose modern armed forces number 686,000—some \$30 billion.

TO SOME YOUNGER SOUTH KOREANS, THE GROTESQUELY RETRO-STALINIST REGIME UP NORTH IS THE TRUE EMBODIMENT OF KOREAN NATIONALISM.

and total independence from the outside world. "Glorious Leader" Kim's legacy to his son was an army disguised as a state, the Mongolish theology of *Juche*, and a command to "liberate" South Korea from what the communists termed "U.S. colonial occupation."

Older South Koreans, particularly Christians, who vividly recalled being rescued by the United States from the North's bloodthirsty "liberation" during the Korean War, scorn Pyongyang's calls for national unification under the Kim dynasty. The recent election of independent-minded President Roh Moo Hyun, who has strongly opposed any U.S.-led war against North Korea, somewhat weakened North Korea's accusations, but there is still a strong feeling among many Koreans that their government is too responsive to Washington's orders.

To some younger South Koreans, the grotesquely retro-Stalinist regime up north is the true embodiment of Korean nationalism. In their view, Pyongyang confronts the overbearing Americans, who have ordered Koreans around for 50 years, terrifies the despised Japanese with its nuclear weapons, is self-reliant and truly independent, and commands the fear if not respect of the world.

Kim Il Sung's final instruction to his heir was to "liberate" South Korea at all costs. That, more than extorting food or

Interestingly, in the first week of March, the usually bellicose Secretary Rumsfeld announced he was considering moving some of the U.S. Korean garrison south away from the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ), to Japan, or even home. The U.S. spends over \$7 billion *per annum* keeping these troops in Korea and, in a sense, they have become hostages to North Korea's artillery and weapons of mass destruction.

The entire U.S. 2nd Infantry Division, based just south of the DMZ, is within range of 10,000 North Korean heavy artillery pieces and rocket batteries—many capable of firing chemical or biological weapons. The remaining 22,000 army and air force troops at headquarters and air bases farther south are all within range of North Korean short- and medium-range missiles, strike aircraft, and its 100,000-man-strong commando force.

South Koreans, whose country was virtually razed in the 1950-53 Korean War, are acutely aware and deeply fearful of the dangers of a new conflict. The past prime minister, Kim Dae Jung, massively bribed North Korea through his "Sunshine Policy" to dampen down the threat of war, going so far as to slip Kim Jong Il secretly up to \$1.7 billion for an historic summit meeting in 2000. The North reportedly spent the bribe money

Each time the U.S. reacts to North Korean provocations by threats of force, a fissure opens wider between America and the South Korean public, a process that obviously encourages Kim Jong Il to press his brinksmanship against Washington. If the U.S. garrison is withdrawn, or substantially reduced, North Korea believes it has a good chance of either successfully invading the South, intimidating its government into co-operation, or even achieving long-sought "fraternal reunification." Until recently, the threat of U.S. tactical nuclear weapons was enough to deter any North Korean attack, but now that the North has a nuclear counterforce, America's nuclear option has largely been nullified.

As of today, South Korea fears more what it calls "unexpected reunification"—the total collapse of North Korea, producing 24 million starving refugees—than invasion. But this could change if the U.S. military and nuclear umbrella is withdrawn. North Korea's army need advance only 200 miles south from the DMZ to Pusan to engulf all of South Korea. Kim, however, must be hoping that younger, nationalistic South Koreans will rise up and embrace *Juche*, regarding him, rather than South Korea's bland, colorless, and corruption-plagued presidents, as their natural leader.

Kim Jong Il may be able to last out his war of nerves against Washington and even, one day, "liberate" South Korea. After all, if Washington can "liberate" Iraq, why can't Kim "liberate" South Korea? While some of Kim's people continue to starve due to poor harvests, the

government, Communist Party cadres, and the armed forces are believed to have a two-year supply of fuel, food, and war stocks. The Pyongyang regime continues to count on foreign benefactors to make up its food deficits so that hard currency can be reserved for buying arms and spare parts from abroad.

Given these realities, Bush's downgrading of the North Korean threat from a hurricane into a minor tropical depression is a dereliction of duty. The Pentagon's claims that it can wage two wars simultaneously in the Mideast and North Asia are nonsense. Bush has deployed at least seven of the 13 U.S. combat divisions in the Gulf, as well as much of America's tactical, carrier, helicopter, and heavy armored units. A major war with North Korea will, by Pentagon estimates, require 750,000 U.S. troops backed by at least five carriers, and produce 250,000 American casualties. Total active U.S. armed forces number only 1.4 million; the U.S. Army, 485,500—half of whom are now in the Gulf. If war erupts in Korea, by the time U.S. reinforcements get to Japan, the North Korean army might well have occupied all of South Korea, including Seoul and Pusan.

In the time it takes Bush to finish off Iraq—and deal with an ensuing bloody, Lebanon-style mess in chaotic Mesopotamia—North Korea will have produced four to five more uranium nuclear warheads and a score of medium- and long-range missiles, the latter of which can threaten North America.

North Korea has vowed to treat the sanctions being threatened by Washington as an act of war. A few 10,000-shell barrages on U.S. troops along the DMZ would ably deliver his riposte. Bush's hopes that China will somehow convince North Korea to disarm are too optimistic. China has little interest in doing so or in seeing U.S. influence grow on the Korean Peninsula. Friendly North

Korea protects China's northern flank. Japan, for its part, is quite content with the *status quo*: a united, nuclear-armed, Japan-hating Korea would become a major military and economic rival.

Then what is to be done? First, recognize that North Korea, not demolished Iraq, is the real and urgent threat to the United States. Second, strengthen U.S. military forces in North Asia. Third—the most distasteful step—resume bribing Pyongyang to be good. This means ceasing nuclear arms production and accepting return of UN monitors. Washington could just as well bribe Saddam Hussein as Pyongyang to behave and accept rigid inspections. Bribery, a time-honored tool of foreign affairs, is always much cheaper than fighting wars.

Kim Jong Il does not want nuclear war. He is not a madman. Like Saddam Hussein, he wants to safeguard his regime and perpetuate his hold on power. Kim

made sporadic appearances at the Texas Air National Guard to avoid regular military service during the Vietnam War, must have gleaned enough martial knowledge to know not to fight nations that can bite back hard. North Korea is no Panama.

Other small nations will look and learn, drawing the logical conclusion from Bush's actions towards Iraq and his meek behavior towards North Korea that the only way to be safe from a rampant United States drunk on its own unrestrained power is quickly to develop their own nuclear weapons: an ironic and unwelcome outcome for America's supposed anti-proliferation campaign.

Long derided for his odd looks, weird hairstyle, and pot belly, "Beloved Leader" Kim Jong Il has revealed himself to be a tough, clever player of high stakes poker who is making the best out of a very

A MAJOR WAR WITH NORTH KOREA WILL, BY PENTAGON ESTIMATES, REQUIRE 750,000 U.S. TROOPS AND PRODUCE 250,000 AMERICAN CASUALTIES.

needs western aid and hard currency to keep his nasty little Asian Sparta alive. These wants and needs are amply answered by hard cash rather than the earth-penetrating nuclear weapons the Pentagon is currently developing for use against North Korea's underground nuclear facilities.

Why fight when you can buy or at least rent? In the end, after all the huffing and puffing by the Bush administration, it will very probably follow the lead of the Clinton White House in opting to pay off the "Beloved Leader." Waging quick wars against almost defenseless nations like Afghanistan and Iraq is one thing; fighting a nation with a large, tough military like North Korea is quite another. Even President Bush, who

poor hand. Kim has called Bush's bluff by "outing" his nuclear program, expelling UN inspectors, and firing up his reactor at Yongbyon—virtually challenging Bush to "come and get me." George Bush quickly backed down when confronted by the "Beloved Leader's" treasured nukes. In Asia, this means a huge loss of face for the American president and a major coup for Kim Jong Il, who seems destined increasingly to haunt President Bush's dreams of greatness, empire, and glory. ■

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[thank you, jeeves]

Blair on the Brink

The British prime minister's support of Bush leaves him rudderless and vulnerable.

By John Laughland

LONDON, ENGLAND—"Ne pleurez pas, Milord"—Don't cry, My Lord—was how President Charles de Gaulle made fun of the British prime minister, Harold Macmillan, in 1962. So suddenly had the Englishman's face dropped when told that France would veto Britain's application to join the European Economic Community that he seemed to be about to blub. But de Gaulle's cruel mimicry of the Edith Piaf song was also the *mot juste* for Tony Blair on the evening of March 12, 2003. When an antiwar audience at a television interview contemptuously slow-clapped the prime minister at the end of the broadcast, Blair stared silently back at them with the tortured expression of a climber on a glacier who has suddenly realized that there is an enormous open chasm below the ice under his feet.

If the first casualty of war is usually the truth, this Iraq crisis had already claimed its first victim even before the shooting started. For months, the British media have been describing an attack on Iraq without a UN resolution as "a nightmare scenario" for Tony Blair, and for good reason: it destroys at a stroke both the main planks of his foreign policy as well as much of his domestic and parliamentary support. When Blair said he approved of Robert McNamara's gruesome remark that Britain would have to pay "the blood price" for its relationship

with the United States of America, few expected that he would be the first to pay it. Yet Blair, the Mohammed Atta of British politics, seems determined to kill himself politically in pursuit of his goal and to cause the literal death of countless Iraqis and British soldiers as well.

Although the Iraq crisis has created so much diplomatic destruction that it is difficult to recognize any of the structures of the pre-crisis world among the rubble, it is already clear that the most irreparable damage has been inflicted on the bridges Tony Blair has spent the last six years carefully constructing over the English Channel. The political consequences of the rift with France are enormous, and the effects of it will be felt for at least a decade. For Blair, the consequences are immediate, since his

and several Franco-British initiatives have been taken since to consolidate that quickly established friendship. Tony Blair is the only prime minister ever to have addressed the French National Assembly, which he did in 1998, in French. But the Anglo-French alliance—the centerpiece of Blair's European policy—now lies in ruins. The days seem impossibly distant when, in November 2001, Blair and Chirac stood "shoulder to shoulder" against the attempt to extend the war on terror to Iraq by what the *Times* of London naïvely called "figures on the fringes of the Administration such as Richard Perle."

With breathtaking ease, Blair has swiveled from being Britain's foremost pro-European into an anti-European mode that would have made Margaret

IRREPARABLE DAMAGE HAS BEEN INFLICTED ON THE BRIDGES TONY BLAIR HAS SPENT THE LAST SIX YEARS CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTING OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

overriding foreign policy priority when elected in 1997 was to re-establish positive relations with Paris and Berlin following the years of bad blood between Britain and the Continent under the Conservatives. Jacques Chirac had been the first head of state to pay a state visit to Britain under its new prime minister,

Thatcher blanch. When President Chirac announced on March 10 his intention to veto any war resolution that came before the UN Security Council, the formidable media machine of 10 Downing Street sprang immediately into action, mounting increasingly vitriolic *ad hominem* attacks against him. From Tony Blair

downwards, British ministers vigorously lied that only France stood in the way of a new resolution. Meanwhile, pro-government journalists, who only a few years previously were lambasting Blair's Conservative predecessors for not being slavish enough towards Paris and Berlin, now eagerly attacked Paris and Berlin for not being slavish enough towards London and Washington. Under Tony Blair, "Fog in Channel—Continent isolated" ceased to be a Victorian meteorological joke and became instead the animating principle of British diplomacy.

Chirac's pre-announcement of a French veto on Iraq is therefore as historic an event as General de Gaulle's veto of Britain's application to join the EEC on Jan. 14, 1963. Both vetoes were directed as much against the USA as against Britain itself: de Gaulle rightly feared that Britain would be a Trojan horse for American interests in Europe. De Gaulle's veto also resembles Chirac's geopolitically: both were responses to attempts by Britain to encircle and isolate France and Germany. In 1961, Britain created the European Free Trade Association with six other non-EEC states, and de Gaulle mentioned this fact when he gave reasons for his veto. In 2003, Chirac's policy was in part a response to the UK-U.S.-sponsored open letter—signed by all 13 candidate countries in Central and Eastern Europe—supporting London and Washington, and attacking Paris and Berlin, an initiative that France regarded as treacherous. Both vetoes, moreover, strengthened the bilateral relationship between France and Germany: eight days after de Gaulle's veto in 1963, the two countries signed the Elysée Treaty, which set up the deepest relationship between two states in diplomatic history since the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth, and it was the celebration in Versailles of that treaty's 40th anniversary in January of this year, and especially the joint

Franco-German antiwar statement that came out of it, that set in motion the chain of mutual recriminations that included Donald Rumsfeld's division of the Continent into "old" and "new Europe." Within days, indeed, Rumsfeld's rhetorical jibe was being put into concrete reality, as the Pentagon confirmed that U.S. military bases would be wound down in Germany and transferred instead to America's new Communist-ruled satraps east of the Oder. The

the prospect of a Labour prime minister waging war side-by-side with what is perceived to be an extreme right-wing American administration, and without their cherished UN resolution, have caused unprecedented levels of rebellion both within the governing party and in the country generally. For the past half decade, the British have grudgingly tolerated the basic dishonesty of the Blair administration—the polite word for this is "spin"—because the opposition Con-

SMOLDERING RESENTMENT AGAINST BLAIR, WHOM NOBODY ACTUALLY LIKES, HAS BEEN FANNED STEADILY AS THE IRAQ CRISIS HAS DRAGGED ON.

prospect now arises of the EU's Franco-German core being encircled by an iron ring of states whose primary fealty is to Washington and who are armed to the teeth with its weapons.

Under such circumstances, it is now almost inconceivable that Britain will ever adopt the euro. Within weeks, Blair has made the Channel wider than the Atlantic. It is also obvious that the so-called "European constitution," which is even now being drawn up by a committee chaired by the former French president, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, will, like David Hume's *Inquiry into Human Understanding*, "fall dead-born from the press." Unlike Hume's great essay, there is little prospect of it ever coming back to life again, especially as its centerpiece is a common EU foreign policy. Tony Blair had thought he could act as a bridge between Europe and America; that plan has now been revealed to have been little more than adolescent fantasy.

If the bottom has fallen out of the British prime minister's foreign policy, his domestic support has also taken a severe beating. Reports of the death of the Old Left within the Labour Party now appear to have been greatly exaggerated;

servatives are so hopeless. But the wages of spin are political death. The smoldering resentment against Blair, whom nobody actually *likes*, has been fanned steadily as the Iraq crisis has dragged on for months. It exploded into flame in mid-February when the biggest popular demonstration in British history took place against the war in Hyde Park and again in late February when the Blair government suffered the biggest backbench rebellion in British parliamentary history (122 Labour MPs voted against the government). Particularly incendiary were the series of "dossiers" that Blair produced in a vain attempt to win around public support: the first, on Iraq's nuclear capability, was rumbled as a fake by Mohammed El-Baradei; the second was full of the tall stories Iraqi Kurdish asylum seekers tell to secure their right to stay in Britain; and the third turned out to have been cut and pasted, complete with spelling mistakes, from a doctoral thesis published on the Internet.

So by the middle of March, the man who has bestridden the British political scene like a colossus for half a decade had revealed his feet of clay. He could not even bring himself to sack one of his

own cabinet ministers after she thrice denounced his Iraq policy as "reckless" in a radio interview—about as clear a breach of the ancient constitutional principle of collective cabinet responsibility as one can imagine. As various Brutuses in the cabinet surreptitiously whet their knives, Caesar suddenly appears very vulnerable: talk is now open of a leadership challenge to Blair within the Labour Party.

Like Mrs. Thatcher, whom he admires, Blair is convinced—as are many neo-conservative theorists in the USA—that the only realities in politics are willpower and force. Just as neocons like William Kristol and Robert Kagan have been insisting since 1996 that the "present danger" is a failure of America's will to establish "benevolent global hegemony," so Blair acts on the principle that his own willpower can overcome all opposition and resolve all contradiction. So far, this tactic has worked. Unfortunately, reality has a nasty habit of refusing to be willed away, and it is particularly stubborn when it comes to the principle of non-contradiction—that something cannot both be and not be. At the Azores summit, Blair's demon eyes blazed furiously as he seemed to will away the nonsense he was speaking—the UN Security Council Resolutions justified ignoring the UN Security Council and that Iraqi oil must be administered by the UN because it belongs to the Iraqi people. Whether he is finally coming apart mentally is open to debate; but the reality check is approaching so fast that the time cannot be far off when the British public will turn on Blair with the same contempt they heaped on Matilda in the Belloc poem: "Every time she shouted 'Fire!', they only answered, 'Little liar!'" ■

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[Hapsburg hangover]

That 1914 Feeling

The lights are going out, again.

By Martin Sieff

IT WAS AN open-and-shut case. The rogue state had been sponsoring international terrorism for decades. Its leaders had long expressed ambitious expansion plans to swallow their neighbors or large chunks of nearby territory. It was run by men who had not only slaughtered their predecessors but also women and children in crimes that astonished the world. And now there was every reason to suspect it had actively plotted and supported a terrorist conspiracy.

The leaders of the great, civilized multinational state that had been the victim of the outrage were determined to root out what they regarded as the source of the terrorism. They were going to invade that rogue state, topple its killer rulers—and no one, in truth, disputed that they were evil—and take it down.

So morally certain were they of the rightness of their cause that they saw no need to rally international opinion. They dismissed arguments that the rogue state was part of one of the largest ethnic groups on earth and that hundreds of millions of their ethnic cousins might rise up on their behalf and in their defense. They knew that they were part of the greatest concentration of military power and high tech weaponry ever known in the history of the world. They would have their war, and the rogue state at the heart of the axis of evil

sworn to dismember their great and internationally respected nation would be destroyed at last. After all, the troubled corner of the world where the rogue state existed had long been a breeding ground for terror. It was time for the great nation to take it in hand and re-order it for its own good, bringing enlightenment and civilization where none had existed.

But it did not work out that way. Because the rogue state in question was not Iraq but Serbia. The great nation that had been assaulted by terrorist attack was not the United States but the Hapsburg Empire of Austria-Hungary—the most enlightened, tolerant, and long-lasting political system that Central Europe had ever known—or has ever known since. The outrage that terrorized the great nation was not the destruction of the World Trade Center but the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914. And the terrorist group that carried out the atrocity was not al-Qaeda but the Black Hand.

Like the civilian strategists of the Bush administration, the military commanders of Austria-Hungary were convinced that the rogue state they were about to assault had masterminded the terrorist plot. But like the Bush administration today, they did not have any hard evidence actually to prove it. The alleged meeting between 9/11 plot leader

Mohammed Atta and Iraqi intelligence officials in Prague appears to have been a figment of the fertile imaginations of Iraqi dissidents encouraged by hawks in the Department of Defense. Ironically, the link between key elements of the Serbian government and the Black Hand was all too real, but the Austro-Hungarian intelligence service was too incompetent to find it.

Serbia's aggressive designs on her neighbors were also real and were indeed all fulfilled at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919. The perception across Europe that Serbia was a murderous rogue state that harbored international terrorists was quite true as well. The previous Serbian royal family had been slaughtered in a frightful coup a decade before—the queen and her young children literally cut to pieces by the conspirators. The killers continued to hold positions of power and leadership at the time of the archduke's assassination a decade later.

Serbia, like Iraq, was part of a larger world. Serbia was Orthodox Christian and Slav just as Iraq is Muslim and Arab. Still, Austria-Hungary, backed by Imperial Germany, had got away with annexing Bosnia-Herzegovina, including fateful Sarajevo just six years before. Russia, still enfeebled by the aftermath of its 1905 defeat by Japan and the revolution that had erupted thereafter was in no condition prevent the seizure. This gave Austria-Hungary's leaders the misplaced confidence that "the Slav Street" could be safely ignored forever, just as neo-conservatives today argue that Arab popular nationalist pressure, the "Arab Street," is also a myth because it did not erupt in 1991.

There was no United Nations Security Council in 1914, but there was something very similar, a venerable Concert of Europe in which the five great powers of the continent—Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and

Russia—had, for an entire century, worked with a surprising degree of unity to prevent any local wars from getting out of control.

Their arrangement in many respects foreshadowed the more formal structure of the one part of the United Nations that has been constructive and truly valuable over the past six decades—the veto power accorded to the five permanent members of the UN Security Council that they have wielded both for themselves and their favored client states.

Far from being the seed of an impractical and unattainable world government, the UN Security Council veto system reflects hard, real nation-state interests and political realities—*realpolitik* indeed. Today, with its cavalier determination to ignore that restraint, the Bush administration is proving as heedless of consequences as Austria-Hungary's leaders and their German allies were when they shattered the Concert of Europe and delivered their similar ultimatum to Serbia in July 1914.

THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION IS PROVING AS HEEDLESS OF CONSEQUENCES AS AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S LEADERS AND THEIR GERMAN ALLIES.

Winston Churchill—who has been endlessly (mis)quoted by today's neo-conservatives to justify their imperial fantasies, wrote in his great history, *The World Crisis*, how he perceived that ultimatum when he learned of it on July 24, 1914. Churchill used terms eerily appropriate to the Bush administration's uncompromising diktats to Saddam Hussein: "This note was clearly an ultimatum; but it was an ultimatum such as had never been penned in modern times. As the reading proceeded it seemed absolutely impossible that any

State in the world could accept it, or that any acceptance, however abject, would satisfy the aggressor."

Churchill was right, of course. For he knew that the rulers in Vienna, like the War Party today, were as intent on their own destruction as the Gadarene swine. They did not want to be satisfied. How the Serbian extremists rejoiced! For, like al-Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden on 9/11, the Black Hand was laying a far vaster trap for the great, tolerant empire it hated not just perpetrating a terrorist attack against it. The Serbian nationalists in 1914, like al-Qaeda in 2001, wanted Armageddon. They wanted an apocalyptic Clash of Civilizations that would bring the Hapsburg Empire crashing down in ruins. And, thanks to the self-righteousness of the empire's leaders, they got it.

Like Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, Serbia's leaders, while no moral exemplars, proved cagey opponents. They too went through the motions of yielding to international pressure and did not reject the Austrian ultimatum outright, but accepted most of its terms, just as

Saddam allowed United Nations arms inspectors onto his territory and acknowledged their discovery of some weapons. But the Hapsburg Empire's leaders were set on war, just as America's are today.

The leaders of other great powers then, as now, balked at the prospect of even such a "just war." Sir Edward Grey, Britain's foreign secretary played the role of German Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder and French President Jacques Chirac today. He suggested an international conference to defuse the crisis—a mechanism that had worked well and

often before. It was indeed the method the Concert of Europe had used for generations to deal with such kinds of unpleasantness. But Austria-Hungary's ally, Germany, contemptuously rejected the proposal in terms that President Bush and his courtiers are literally echoing today.

They should rather heed the wise advice of their own hero Churchill. Writing in his autobiography, *My Early Life*, from the vantage point of 1930, he recalled the supreme confidence of his own British Empire in 1899 that the Boer War would be over in weeks, perhaps even days, and warned, "Let us learn our lessons. Never, never, never believe any way war will be smooth and easy. Always remember, however sure you are that you can easily win, that there would not be a war if the other man did not think he also had a chance."

There were those at the time who could see where the July ultimatum to Serbia would lead. Count Berchtold, the foreign minister of the empire dined one warm, pleasant Viennese day at his favorite café with an old friend, the liberal Jewish editor of one of Vienna's most respected newspapers. He laughed off his appalled friend's warning that unleashing hostilities against Serbia would set off a general war in which their beloved empire would be destroyed and horrific communist revolutions would sweep the entire continent of Europe.

"And who will lead this terrible revolution of yours?" the foreign minister asked. "Mr. Bronstein, I suppose, sitting over there, endlessly arguing as usual with his friends!" Mr. Bronstein became better known to the world as Leon Trotsky, right-hand man to Vladimir Ilyich Lenin and future creator of the Red Army. ■

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Meet "New Europe"

Up close, neither democratic nor pro-Bush.

By Chad Nagle

TALLINN, ESTONIA—Responding to a reporter's question about German and French opposition to a U.S.-led war, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld famously said, "You're thinking of Europe as Germany and France. I don't. I think that's 'old Europe.' If you look at the entire NATO Europe today, the center of gravity is shifting to the East." The Pentagon chief was of course drawing attention to countries from the former Communist bloc that have expressed support for Washington's war plans, thus highlighting a pro-American counterweight to the ostensibly "anti-U.S." sentiments of the Germans and the French. So what does Mr. Rumsfeld's "New Europe" actually look like?

One of the ten European Union (EU) candidates whose governments signed a "Letter to Washington" in support of a U.S. war was the Republic of Estonia, which gained independence from the

USSR in 1991. Estonia has been hailed as a success story of democracy and the free market and has received invitations to join both NATO and the EU. But the reality on the ground contrasts palpably with rosy official reports.

After the letter was publicized, it came to light that neither the president nor anyone else here in Estonia—except the pro-Western prime minister—knew anything about the official endorsement. "Nobody in parliament knew of the letter to Washington until after it was publicized," says Dr. Uno Silberg, a member of the Estonian People's Union, one of six parties in parliament. "Our party made an official protest, but the rest of the legislators came to an 'understanding' a few days later. It was all part of the 'business plan' in Estonia."

On Feb. 2, President Arnold Ruutel expressed opposition to the war in a public statement. "Let us keep peace in



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the world," said Mr. Ruutel. "We were able to restore our state in 1991 following this principle. ... We consider the same thing important today." Mr. Ruutel, commander-in-chief of the country's armed forces, was probably speaking for a majority of Estonians, since opinion polls indicate that roughly two-thirds of the population opposes war.

On March 2, Estonia held elections to its 101-seat national parliament. The main Western election-monitoring organizations no longer send delegations of observers to Estonia or its fellow Baltic states, Latvia and Lithuania, declaring the small countries sufficiently democratic to stage polls without adult supervision. But the Estonian government has devised an electoral procedure that has little in common with the sort of democracy Americans take for granted. A voter marks his ballot with a number corresponding to a candidate on the party's list for the local precinct, but while the voter thinks he is picking a candidate he knows and trusts, in fact he is voting for the party. When all the votes are counted nationwide, the voter's chosen candidate has to take a back seat to a higher-ranking figure from the party's national list, even though this figure may have received only a small fraction of the votes garnered by the popular favorite. This election, therefore, saw candidates winning seats with fewer than three hundred votes. Thus Estonia elects unpopular ministers who cannot be counted on to represent their constituencies. This is only one of many dubious proportional representation schemes currently in operation in the old Evil Empire. As both Estonia's electoral system and the letter to Washington affair demonstrate, any talk of countries in the New Europe supporting war should probably draw distinctions between the governments and the people.

Democratic politics aside, Estonia's many other problems make it a less than encouraging exemplar of Rumsfeld's

New Europe. Discriminatory citizenship policies disenfranchise ethnic Russians, while government policy makes Russians scapegoats for the country's problems. Last year, at an international conference on AIDS, statistics revealed that Estonia's level of HIV-infection had reached African proportions. Unemployment is high, and prostitution and other areas of the sex trade, such as trafficking and abuse of children, are thriving.

Estonia's population has decreased substantially since independence, as inhabitants have fled abroad in search of opportunities. At the same time, the dirty centers of the country's main cities are dotted with gleaming four-star hotels that are almost completely empty, products, many Estonians say, of money-laundering scams by wealthy oligarchs who sit in parliament. But despite this

corruption and social decay, outsiders were expected to believe the most pressing issue is whether Estonia should have a progressive or flat income tax.

As Estonia prepares to join NATO, it will be expected to contribute two percent of its GDP to defense expenditures in an era when threats to its security are nebulous at best. It is hard to believe that long-suffering ex-Soviet citizens care whether their country's armed forces are equipped with expensive F-16s and Stinger missiles when basic issues like food and health care loom large.

What kind of governments let their countries slide into the kind of social state visible in Estonia? Evidently, the governments of "New Europe." ■

Chad Nagle is an attorney and freelance writer.

Paranoia Runs Deep

In pre-"liberation" Iraqi Kurdistan, news bureaus fear bombs beneath every bed.

By Charles Glass

SULEIMANIA, IRAQI KURDISTAN—Washington paranoia came to Kurdistan the other night. American correspondents here received bizarre calls at three in the morning after the CIA alarmed our respective Washington bureaus with news of a top secret intercept. American journalists were in imminent danger of attack. Prime location of said assault, it seemed, was the Suleimania Hotel. One problem, I mentioned to the ABC news desk when it woke me: no such hotel exists. And I put down the telephone.

Alas, the news desk called back to say that ABC's Pentagon correspondent had

checked and found that the target was the Palace Hotel. There was a Palace Hotel. And I was in it. So too were my crew. Get out of there now, a desk man ordered, and go to Erbil. Having driven here from Erbil only 12 hours earlier, I had no desire to revisit the ragged capital of the Kurdish Autonomous Region.

Eyes closing, I was nearing the edge of slumber when the telephone rang again. This time, it was my producer upstairs. He has not been in Kurdistan before, and he is young. The desk had just called him, and he wanted to leave. I suggested we wait until morning—not

to leave, but to think about it.

No journalist worth his weight in erasable ink stays awake for long when sleep beckons. I read and slowly, slowly dropped off until the muezzin called from his minaret. In Suleimania, there must be hundreds of them, singing less in unison than in their own keys and at their unique tempi. In Arabic, they chant, "Awake! Awake! Prayer is better than sleep." Perhaps it is. Not that I recalled what sleep was by that time. When the muezzins went silent, early morning traffic started. Truck brakes screeched at red lights. Was one of them driven by a suicidal fundamentalist intent on ramming the hotel and detonating a ton of dynamite? The prospect of losing the management of this badly managed hostelry did not disturb me, but I would miss my friends, my crew and, well, my life.

By about 8 a.m., I gave up on sleep

are holed up in eastern Iraqi Kurdistan near the border with Iran. Maybe they don't like us, maybe they hate the hotel food, maybe they disapprove of the drinking in the bar upstairs or of the women mixing with men. (There is far too little of the last.) One young female reporter from a prominent American newspaper said the Pentagon told her editor to withdraw his correspondents from Baghdad. The networks have heard the same plea from the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, who was concerned for the safety of American journalists during the upcoming "Shock and Awe" air campaign.

We all suspected another possibility. If the Pentagon forced the hacks out of Baghdad and the CIA moved the rest out of Iraqi Kurdistan, the only American journalists in the country during the war would be those "embedded" with the American armed forces. Their rules of

ignored the warning and stayed on in the hotel. ABC, however, was adamant, and my producer obeyed orders—up to a point. With stories to do and contacts to meet in Suleimania, we did not want to waste another day on the Erbil road and more days in Erbil itself. We compromised by taking seven rooms in a mountain-top hotel outside Suleimania. It turned out to be a delightful place with a glorious view of the city and the magnificent Kurdish plain. Its staff shamed the grumpy Palace's with good manners and willingness to meet all our unusual demands. And the food was excellent. That night, we had a big feast in the main dining room while Kurdish families, who seemed to keep their children up as late as Italians, danced and sang to the music of a local band. As bedtime approached, the heavens unleashed their glorious fury, perhaps a portent of what the American military has in mind for this country. Thunder rattled the skies, and a gale blew up the valley to rock the whole hotel.

In the morning, we went down to see a parade of soldiers from the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan celebrate the 12th anniversary of the 1991 uprising against Saddam Hussein. For those of you who have forgotten it, after the fall of Kuwait, Bush the Elder called upon the Iraqi people to rise up and overthrow the dictator.

As it happened, they did. Shi'ite Muslims in the south and Kurds in the north demolished Iraqi torture centers, captured troops, and came close to converging from north and south on Baghdad. Then Bush changed his mind. It seemed he was hoping for a little rebellion that would scare the Iraqi army into killing Saddam. But Iraq's senior staff was not about to overthrow the man who had put them all in their places and with whom they shared the guilt of a million crimes. Rather than see a rebellion turn into a revolution and set an

COULD IT BE THEY WANT US JOURNALISTS OUT OF THE WAY, NOT OF THE BOMBS OF ISLAMIC FUNDAMENTALISTS, BUT OF THE INEVITABLE BY-PRODUCTS OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN INVASION?

and went down to the lobby. There, a horde of red-eyed hacks questioned one another, "Did you get the call? What are you going to do?" All I wanted to do was have breakfast, but the morning fare at the Palace is so execrable that tea was enough.

Hacks and hackettes alike discussed the 3 a.m. warning. No one believed it. The Agency did not say who threatened us or why, but the implied villain was a relatively new group called Ansar al-Islam, Arabic for "Companions of Islam," about whom Colin Powell spoke in February back at the UN. They were allegedly some Kurdish fundies and a few Arab Afghans who escaped the American onslaught on the Taliban and

engagement prevent uncensored reporting and free movement inside Iraq. Could it be they want us out of the way, not of the bombs of Islamic fundamentalists, but of the inevitable by-products of an Anglo-American invasion?

Philip Knightley wrote about this in the coverage of wars from the Crimea to Yugoslavia in his excellent *The First Casualty*, a book I recommend to all young journalists. A few weeks ago, I mentioned the Pentagon warnings to Paul Friedman, an ABC vice president and first-rate newsman who is suddenly no longer with the network. He said, "The Pentagon hates any coverage it can't control."

Most of the press corps in Suleimania

example for American clients in the Mideast (read: Egypt and Saudi Arabia), Bush gave his permission to the Iraqi army to fly its helicopters, many of them sold to Saddam by Hughes and Bell after Donald Rumsfeld opened the way to American arms sales in 1983. And fly they did: to drop bombs on rebels, to destroy towns, to reconnoiter battlefields, and to deliver airborne assault troops to Kurdish and Shi'ite towns and cities. The rebellion collapsed. When Kurds here talk about betrayal, they mean 1991 and its precursors: 1975, when Henry Kissinger stabbed them in the back and let Saddam Hussein annihilate them; and 1988, when the U.S. helped to hide Saddam's poison gas murder of civilians at Hallabja. Most Kurds were wondering how Washington might betray them this time. Now they are finding out: the U.S. is allowing Turkey to occupy a patch of Iraqi Kurdistan for a time. Last time, Turkey stayed for 700 years. If Johnny Turk treats Iraq's Kurds with half the brutality it has used on his own Kurdish population, Iraqi Kurdistan can expect massacres, refugees, and torture to rival the Saddam era.

Near Kirkuk, an old Kurdish man in a settlement for people expelled by Saddam was afraid to tell me his name. His house was under Iraqi artillery on a ridge less than a mile away, and he believed the Americans might let Saddam return again, as they did in 1991. He said, "We do not trust America. We have suffered a lot. Why are you foreign journalists coming now? Where were you when we were suffering?" Another man did give his name when he said, "I have a question for you. Do you think the British and Americans are going to do anything to protect us?" When I shook my head, he said he didn't think so either.

The Kurds can be forgiven their paranoia. American journalists have some

explaining to do. CNN and Fox have turned their living areas in Erbil, hundreds of miles from Ansar al-Islam, into fortresses. The CNN compound's armed guards, sandbag positions, checkpoints, and visitors' badges scare sources away. Fox, stuck on the fourth story of the Tower Hotel, made do with sandbagging the entire floor and confining its staff to the building for their first four days in town. (Fox's people fear only one thing more than the Iraqi army and Islamic fundamentalists: Geraldo Rivera. They were celebrating a few nights back

when he failed to make it across the border from Turkey. He may yet surprise them.) Both companies make their people travel with armed escorts. None of the other hacks here bother. They, unlike the Terror Alert Networks, meet Kurds and listen to them. I'll be interested to hear what they say when the invasion begins. ■

Charles Glass is ABC News' correspondent in northern Iraq. He covered the Iraqi rebellion in 1991 and is writing a book on the Mideast for HarperCollins.

Wars Without Countries

New opponents not bound by state structures require a new generation of combat strategy.

By William S. Lind

IN 1989, WITH two Army and two Marine Corps co-authors, I wrote an article entitled, "The Changing Face of War: Into the Fourth Generation." It predicted a new way of war, fought by enemies who were not states, who moved freely within our own society, and could negate our whole military establishment. Although the article was published simultaneously in the Army's *Military Review* and the Marine Corps *Gazette*, it elicited no reaction.

But it seems someone was doing a bit of reading. In February 2002, the Middle East Media Research Institute discovered an al-Qaeda internet magazine named *Al-Ansar: For the Struggle Against the Crusader War*. In it, a certain Abu 'Ubeid Al-Qurashi wrote an article, "Fourth Generation War." It said, "In 1989, some American military experts predicted a fundamental change in the

future form of warfare. ... They predicted that the wars of the 21st century would be dominated by a kind of warfare they called 'the fourth generation of wars.' ... This forecast did not arise in a vacuum—if only the cowards (among the Muslim clerics) knew that fourth-generation wars have already occurred and that the superiority of the theoretically weaker party has already been proven; in many instances, nation-states have been defeated by stateless nations. ... The time has come for the Islamic movements facing a general crusader offensive to internalize the rules of fourth-generation warfare."

The eternal nightmare of the military theorist is that only the enemy will pay attention to his work. So far, that seems to be the fate of myself and others, such as the Israeli military historian Martin van Creveld, who have pioneered the

concept of Fourth Generation war. (Van Creveld's 1991 book, *The Transformation of War*, is easily the most important book on war written in the last quarter century.) Israel has already been defeated by one Fourth Generation opponent, Hezbollah, in Lebanon, and is now battling others in the West Bank. But the Israeli military seldom talks to Martin van Creveld.

The intellectual framework of the Four Generations of modern war starts with the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 that ended the Thirty Years' War. In that treaty, the state established a monopoly on war. Previously, many different entities had fought wars—families, tribes, religions, cities, business enterprises—using many different means, not just formal armies and navies.

Today, most find it difficult, and the Pentagon finds it impossible, to think of war in any way except war between states. That is part of the reason we are going to war with Iraq, even though the real threat is from non-state actors such as al-Qaeda. We are like the drunk who is looking under the street light for his car keys; he knows he did not drop them there, but that is where he can see.

AGAINST A FOURTH GENERATION OPPONENT, A SECOND GENERATION MILITARY SUCH AS OURS IS AS IRRELEVANT AS A MACEDONIAN PHALANX.

The First Generation runs roughly from 1648 to 1860. This was war of line and column tactics, where battles were formal and the battlefield was orderly. The battlefield of order created a military culture of order. Most of the things that distinguish "military" from "civilian"—uniforms, saluting, careful gradations of rank, etc.—were products of the First Generation and are intended to reinforce the culture of order.

But around the middle of the 19th

century, the battlefield of order began to break down. Mass armies, soldiers who actually wanted to fight (an 18th century soldier's main objective, in peacetime or in war, was to desert), rifled muskets and then breech loaders and machine guns, made the old line and column tactics obsolete.

The problem ever since has been a growing contradiction between the military culture of order and the increasing disorderliness of the battlefield. The culture that was once consistent with the environment in which it operated has become more and more at odds with it.

Two answers to the breakdown of line and column tactics emerged, both during World War I. Second Generation warfare, which was developed by the French Army, was based on the methodical, centrally controlled application of firepower to cause attrition. To the great relief of soldiers (or at least their officers), it preserved the culture of order. Second Generation warfare was, and remains, focused inward on rules, processes, and techniques; prizes obedience over initiative; and relies on imposed discipline rather than self-discipline.

The United States Army learned Second Generation war from the French during and after World War I, and it remains the American way of war to this day. Aviation has replaced artillery as the source of most firepower, but, as we saw most recently in Afghanistan, America still fights by "putting steel on target." Fourth Generation opponents, such as the Taliban and al-Qaeda, respond by becoming untargetable, which we look upon as somehow not quite fair.

Third Generation warfare, also known as maneuver warfare, was developed by the German Army during World War I; Blitzkrieg was conceptually complete by 1918. Relying on speed rather than mass firepower, Third Generation warfare gets at the enemy's mind as well as his body. Its purpose is to create unexpected and dangerous situations for the enemy faster than he can cope with them.

Third Generation warfare marks a sharp break with the military culture of order. It is focused outward, on the enemy, the situation, and the result the situation requires, rather than inward on process; it prizes initiative above obedience (German junior officers were frequently exercised in war games where, to attain their objective, they had to disobey orders); and it relies on self-discipline rather than imposed discipline.

These characteristics are likely to carry over to Fourth Generation forces. We have already seen what happens when a Third Generation army meets one caught in the Second Generation, in the German campaign against France in 1940. Against a Fourth Generation opponent, a Second Generation military such as ours is as irrelevant as a Macedonian phalanx.

Fourth Generation warfare has three essential characteristics: the state's loss of its monopoly on war; a return to a world of cultures, not merely states, in conflict (and other cultures will not fight the way we do); and that both of these phenomena will occur not just "over there," but on American soil (Fourth Generationists were saying this long before the attack of Sept. 11).

Fourth Generation warfare is not just "terrorism." Terrorism is merely a technique, a common one in 20th century warfare in the form of terror bombing by aircraft. Fourth Generation warfare is much broader than any technique. To the degree the American national secu-

rity establishment thinks of the problem as terrorism, it will misunderstand what is happening and prove ineffective in countering it.

At the core of Fourth Generation warfare is a universal crisis of legitimacy of the state. The state arose, beginning in the 15th century, to provide security, and part of the reason the state is now in crisis is that it no longer does that effectively. The United States is currently attempting to provide security in the Balkans and in Afghanistan, but cannot maintain it 1,000 yards from the U.S. Capitol after nightfall. In virtually every country, including the U.S., one of the biggest growth industries is the private security business. Nothing testifies more clearly to the failure of the state.

In most countries, again including the United States, the state has become the bureaucratic state, and the bureaucratic state has begotten the New Class. The New Class, the establishment elite that rules regardless of electoral outcomes, has three basic characteristics: it cannot make things work (America's public schools), it uses its power and position to exempt itself from the consequences of things not working (the New Class's children go to private schools), and it really cares about only one thing—remaining the New Class. As the New Class becomes synonymous with the state, people cease to identify with the state; they come to see it as merely another racket.

The New Class transferred its loyalty away from the state years ago, following World War I. Instead, it identifies with the transnational superstate: the United Nations, the European Union, the World Economy, the "New World Order." The elite expected that the plebs would eventually do the same. And they are, in that ordinary people too are now transferring their loyalty away from the state. But instead of giving it to larger, more abstract, more bureaucratic entities,

they are giving it to narrower, concrete ones: to ethnic groups and races, to religions and cults, to regions, gangs, ideologies, to animal rights, environmentalism, gun owners' rights, and so on. And many people who would never fight for the state will fight for their new primary loyalty; the environmentalist who buries a saw blade in a tree, hoping to kill a logger, is committing an act of war, not just a crime. The Fourth Generation war that will deconstruct America will be home-grown, not imported like the one that commenced on Sept. 11.

A FEW STATES HAVE NOT LOST TO FOURTH GENERATION FOES: BRITAIN IN NORTHERN IRELAND, SPAIN AGAINST THE ETA. BUT NO STATE HAS YET WON.

As Martin van Creveld said to me one day in my Washington office, everyone gets it except the people in the capital cities. More than one U.S. Marine sergeant has said to me, "We all know this place is finished." But in Washington, a.k.a. Versailles on the Potomac, all that counts is court politics. Al-Qaeda's formal citation of that 1989 *Marine Corps Gazette* article has not brought me a single phone call from any of our intelligence agencies, nor from anyone in the military. (Some cops are interested.) Of what use is Fourth Generation warfare in justifying Pentagon programs and budgets?

How should we fight Fourth Generation opponents? As van Creveld says, nobody knows. A few states have not lost to Fourth Generation foes: Britain in Northern Ireland, Spain against the ETA. But no state has yet won. A small seminar, made up mostly of Marine captains, has been meeting at my house to work on the question, "How might a Third Generation military (if we had one, which we don't) fight a Fourth Generation opponent overseas?" We

have a few ideas; it would be nice, for instance, to have some real infantry, guys who can move faster and farther on their feet than the enemy, who can do penetrations and encirclements, not just call in fires. We are trying to get two questions out to men who fought in Afghanistan: what didn't we do that might have worked, and why didn't we do it? But the whole effort may prove a dry hole.

And so we send our Second Generation military off to do what it can and fight Iraq. Nothing could be more useless

in countering Fourth Generation, non-state enemies like al-Qaeda.

A recent cartoon showed Osama bin Laden dressed as Uncle Sam, saying "I want *you* to attack Iraq." Undoubtedly, he does. However the Iraq war turns out, non-state entities such as al-Qaeda are sure to benefit. The whole business looks more and more like our Syracuse Expedition, irrelevant if we win and catastrophic if we lose in terms of the real threat we face.

Optimists think that if the Iraq war goes badly, the result may be real reform, within and beyond the military. As a realist, I reply: look at Italy. It always loses, but it never reforms. Real change requires an earthquake so great that it brings down the establishment, the whole New Class. But does a shock like that leave anything standing? ■

William S. Lind is author of the Maneuver Warfare Handbook and co-author, with Gary Hart, of America Can Win: The Case for Military Reform. He lectures worldwide on military strategy, tactics, and doctrine.

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Arts & Letters

FILM

[*The Hunted*]

Macho Fare for Desk Jockeys

By Steve Sailer

THERE'S AN ARTICLE of faith among Republican pundits that everyone in Hollywood is a pacifist feminist wimp. Yet, you sure wouldn't guess that from going to the movies lately. For example, "The Hunted," starring Tommy Lee Jones as an aging Special Operations warrior named "L.T." who must fight his way out of the woods, is the most primordial blood and guts action movie since ... well, since the previous week's "Tears of the Sun" with Bruce Willis.

With daily life becoming ever more gentrified, selling manly fantasies to white-collar guys who spend their days typing may be America's most lucrative business. The entertainment industry churns out such blatant he-man stuff, though, that it frequently feels the need to slather a glaze of vegetarian progressive piety over the red meat.

"The Hunted" is aimed at a huge market underserved by recent films: the tens of millions of men interested in hunting. Jones, largely reprising his Academy Award-winning character from "The Fugitive," plays an expert woodland tracker living alone in a cabin deep in the mountains.

Tracking—following the bent grass and broken twigs left by passing prey—is an intriguing skill, but veteran wild man director William Friedkin ("The French Connection") never quite comes

up with a visual vocabulary to show how trackers operate out at the edge of perceptibility. More impressive is the way cinematographer Caleb Deschanel ("The Black Stallion") captures Oregon's gorgeous and creepy temperate rain forest.

Hunting was a popular subject for books and movies back in Hemingway's era, but nowadays you can't show your hero shooting Bambi. So, Jones's tracker doesn't employ his skills to guide hunters but to save lovely white wolves from evil trappers.

How can the film simultaneously take an ostensible stand against hunting and appeal to that ancient male predatory instinct? Easy. Jones and costar Benicio Del Toro must hunt each other. This squeamishness about shedding animal blood therefore means that "The Hunted" winds up with human blood squirting every which way.

The plot is minimal. Jones has a past: he once taught survival and knife-fighting skills to Army assassins. Del Toro (an Oscar winner for "Traffic") was his best student, a West Virginian with a genius for evasion. After infiltrating Kosovo and slaughtering Serbian ethnic cleansers (very much like Willis in "Tears"), Del Toro came down with post-traumatic nightmares. So now he stalks deer hunters who use unfair amounts of technology and murders them with a knife he forged over his campfire. The FBI calls in Jones to track Del Toro through the forest. Jones demonstrates he's even freer than Del Toro of the taint of industrial civilization by chipping his knife from a rock, as if he were a Cro-Magnon commando.

The quality of both "The Hunted" and "Tears of the Sun" may have been beaten down by the physical drubbing their casts and crews endured while filming in wet wildernesses.

At least everyone on "The Hunted" survived the punishing outdoor shoot, which is more than you can say for "Tears," where a stuntman died. Del Toro, though, broke his wrist badly during an Iron Age vs. Stone Age duel with Jones, halting production for half a year.

The 56-year-old Jones looks like he needed a jumbo bottle of Advil to get through the ordeal, but, even though he was Al Gore's Harvard roommate, I'd still bet on him in a knife fight against any word processor warrior from the GOP commentariat.

As the hillbilly running amok, Del Toro (who is the scion of a family of Puerto Rican lawyers) is horribly miscast. I don't know what accent he's attempting (maybe Montgomery Clift on Demerol), but it's never been heard in a holler. Further, his dark, soft looks and fleshy features aren't exactly right for a Scots-Irish mountaineer maniac. Film isn't theater. Movie actors have to look right in their close-ups. Why did the filmmakers set their star up for embarrassment? They could have changed a line in the script and made Del Toro, say, a French Canadian fur trapper from Maine. Or, better yet, simply avoided the whole subject. It's not as if the killer's background is crucial to the story. In fact, there's virtually no cause-and-effect plot. "The Hunted" is simply a series of intensifying action set pieces, like ever-higher stages in a video game.

Several passages are Friedkin's homages to his own most famous scenes, such as Gene Hackman pursuing the elevated train in "The French Connection" or the traffic jam chase in "Too Live and Die in LA." Indeed, I was rather expecting Del Toro's head to spin around like Linda Blair's in Friedkin's "The Exorcist."

Two female characters intermittently intrude in this man's world. One's your usual skinny FBI agent with a big gun.

The other actress keeps loudly over-emphasizing the word "ain't." (Imagine Christine Baranski auditioning to play Elly May Clampett.) I guess she's just a girl who can't say ain't. ■

Rated R for strong bloody violence and some language.
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BOOKS

[*Goodbye, Good Men: How Liberals Brought Corruption Into the Catholic Church*, Michael S. Rose, Regnery, 276 pages]

Catholicism's "Pink Palace" Seminaries

By Philip Jenkins

GOODBYE, GOOD MEN is an authentic oddity in the strife-torn world of contemporary American Catholicism. This is a highly conservative, traditionalist work written in a we-name-names exposé style; and yet even many Catholic liberals will admit that in broad outline, the author's story has a good deal of truth at its core. And the truths they are conceding—about the extraordinary corruption of America's seminaries—amount to a scandal of proportions scarcely paralleled in the modern history of the Church.

Rose's thesis is simple, yet radical. He takes a truth that is pretty universally acknowledged—namely, the reasons for the vocations crisis in the contemporary Church—and turns these theories on their head. He begins by observing the catastrophic decline in vocations to the Catholic priesthood since the 1960s and the resulting crisis of clerical numbers that, in many areas, promises to cripple the basic workings of the Church. The number of Americans studying for the

priesthood was approaching 25,000, but today, it is below 5,000 (and the Catholic population has grown apace in the intervening years). Today, over a quarter of U.S. parishes either have no pastor or else share one with another parish. This situation represents a stunning contrast to the pre-Vatican-II era. When reading an older work like Thomas Merton's *Seven Storey Mountain*, a modern Catholic is amazed to read about the ease with which the Church of the 1930s could fill its ranks. Wanting to become a novice in a religious order, even someone like Merton had to wait patiently until a vacancy could be found in the next intake of novices; and the seminaries were booming similarly. Books and films of this pre-1965 era depict rectories lavishly staffed with a teeming clerical hierarchy of senior and assistant pastors: just read J. F. Powers or Harry Sylvester.

So what went wrong? The standard explanation focuses on the general liberalization of society. In this view, most of the men who might have become priests in earlier years were no longer prepared to accept the discipline and self-sacrifice required of seminarians, and of course celibacy proved an insuperable obstacle to the highly sexualized culture of the late 20th century. The "good men" stayed away in legions. This analysis is a standard component of Americans' general knowledge about the Catholic Church. And Rose suggests, powerfully, that the argument is simply dead wrong.

Rose argues, instead, that the good men are out there in very substantial numbers, and many of them do indeed wish to pursue their vocations in the Church—celibacy and all. Yet when they approach the Church, they are subjected to a selection process more or less guaranteed to drive away all but the hardest candidates, the very thickest-skinned, who are alone able to tolerate the mockery and contempt for Catholic orthodoxy.

This weeding process has several stages, beginning with the initial intake and psychological evaluation. Rose does not claim to have undertaken a proper

scientific sampling of dioceses and seminaries, but the evidence he accumulates from many different parts of the U.S. is horrifying enough. Time and again, we hear of psychologists and other gatekeepers demanding as a condition of admission to seminary that candidates do not share "neanderthal prejudices" about the evils of homosexuality or of women's role in the Church, ideas that indicate immaturity, sexism, or active homophobia. In more objective words, candidates must from the outset reject the nuanced and carefully thought-out stances of the Church on issues of gender and sexuality and cleave to the far stricter dogmas of the American Psychological Association. Whatever bishops and cardinals claim to want for the Church, the decisions that matter are made by these paladins of the therapeutic society. These Straighteners have already ensured that, for instance, the ranks of the clergy include active homosexuals in proportions far, far, higher than would be found among a comparable cross-section of representative male Americans. To this extent, the battle over gay ordination has already been fought and decided within the Catholic Church. Didn't you even notice it?

For those of orthodox convictions who are grudgingly allowed into seminaries, the trials of faith are only just beginning. By no means in every instance, but in many strategic institutions, the seminarians find themselves having to deal with strongly gay subcultures or—even more problematic—structures in which gay clergy are obviously in control. Some seminaries have subcultures so gay and so promiscuous that they have entered clerical folklore. Such are St. Mary's in Baltimore (the "Pink Palace"), Notre Dame Seminary in New Orleans ("Notre Flame"), and the Theological College at Washington's Catholic University—a.k.a. the "Theological Closet." It is these subcultures that I have heard discussed so frankly by the very Catholic liberals who pour vituperation upon Rose for blowing the whistle on these unsavory truths. Nobody is saying that the gay clerical cultures do not

exist: critics just complain that it is bigoted to mention them.

For those troubled souls who are both orthodox and heterosexual, seminary life can often turn into a struggle to confront or, at best, to ignore the circus in progress around them. Many heterosexual men are approached and hit on by gay colleagues and superiors, sometimes to the extent of full-scale sexual harassment. When not describing the powerfully charged sexual ambience of the seminaries, Rose tells mind-numbing stories of the theological extravagances of these institutions, where New Age lunacies and feminist theological [sic] excesses are given full license. Conversely, pious devotion to Mary or the Eucharist will assuredly mark a man as a reactionary troublemaker. According to Rose's informants, the only orthodoxies that count in such a setting are the extreme liberal political ideologies of seminary authorities, whose minds have not moved on significantly from the era of the Equal Rights Amendment and solidarity with the Sandinistas. Seminarians soon realize that as far as their superiors are concerned, "whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the [liberal] Faith; which Faith except everyone do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." Outside the Democratic Party, there is no salvation.

Is it any wonder that "good men" have no incentive to enter the pink palaces, no reason to recommend them to their brothers and friends, and often succumb to the deliberate pressures to force them out? One of Rose's most striking points is that when seminaries do follow orthodoxy, and do take a dim view of sexual hedonism, they find no shortage of vocations whatsoever. The model example in this country alone is Mount St. Mary's in Emmitsburg, Maryland. Conservative-headed dioceses like Rockford and Omaha have few problems producing vocations, while a vocations crisis is in full spate in liberal fiefdoms like Milwaukee and San Francisco. For Rose, the lesson is simple: "Orthodoxy begets vocations." America's seminaries

just don't have to look the way they do at the start of the third millennium. They don't have to be gay dating services.

In a warped way, though, the very failures of the seminaries lay the foundation for longer-term successes, or at least, the success of Catholic ultra-liberals. The fewer seminarians there are, the fewer newly ordained priests, the more obvious it is that Catholic vocations are in crisis, and that the Church can only be saved by accepting the spiritual gifts of gays and women. If you oppose these innovations, or assert the merits of clerical celibacy, then you must be consigning the nation's Catholics to a future largely free of priests under the age of seventy. Equally, the scarcer the priests, the stronger the case that liberals can make for a revolutionary shift in Church authority in the direction of lay power, the louder the calls for a New Reformation. This change would be ratified at a radical "Third Vatican Council," on the lines that radicals have been dreaming of for the past thirty years. In this sense, the corruption of the seminaries is no mere accident but rather a critical stage in the subversion of the Catholic Church in America. It is precisely the "death wish for the male celibate priesthood [that has] created an artificial priest shortage."

Rose's book is avowedly polemical, and we can argue about the details of his case. I, for one, would quibble with his subtitle, since, on the basis of the recent crisis of sexual abuse, "corruption"—or at least incompetence—seems to afflict prelates of all ideological hues. Yet in identifying an authentic problem, and exploring its roots, Rose has performed a magnificent service with implications for many other denominations beyond the Roman Catholic Church. In short, *Goodbye, Good Men* is one of the most significant works written in decades about the political and social realities of modern U.S. Catholicism. ■

Philip Jenkins is a Distinguished Professor of History and Religious Studies at Pennsylvania State University. His most recent book is The Next Christendom: The Coming of Global Christianity.

[*The Worm in the Apple: How the Teacher Unions Are Destroying American Education*, Peter Brimelow, HarperCollins, 296 pages]

Fat Hands in the Education Cookie Jar

By Robert Holland

IT WOULD SEEM to be the sort of insult the Surgeon General would love: "They're extraordinarily fat, for a start." That's how Peter Brimelow, long-time journalistic critic of the National Education Association (NEA), begins *The Worm in the Apple*. His fitness assessment is based upon observing the masses attending an annual convention of the NEA, where an alarming proportion of the 9,000 teacher-union-reps from public-school districts all over the USA "wobble and waddle ... with thighs like tree trunks, bellies billowing, jowls jiggling."

No, Brimelow does not offer scientific data comparing the body-fat percentages of teacher-union delegates to those of an American population often scolded for its general corpulence; nor does he show how an NEA conclave necessarily is fatter than, say, a gathering of defense contractors or insurance salesmen. But then this is not another book for the long fitness shelf at the local Borders. Yes, there is a literal point to be made about the incongruity of NEA activists preening as models of perfection for American schoolchildren when they exemplify sloth. The super-sized body of the NEA Representative Assembly is illustrative, however, of the more damaging hoggishness of the teacher unions—the 2.6-million-member NEA and the million-member American Federation of Teachers (AFT)—as they throw their weight around within the government-school monopoly.

All unions aspire to achieve a monopoly of labor within their industries, but

in the private sector, competition generally prevents that from happening. As Brimelow points out, however, public-sector unions are monopolies operating on top of monopolies, and so they have extraordinary power—particularly since 1960 when JFK, in exchange for union support, issued an executive order authorizing collective bargaining for federal employees, a precedent followed a year later by the AFT's winning collective bargaining rights for New York City teachers. Stung by the competition, the NEA ousted school administrators and morphed into a militant teacher union by 1970. Compulsory attendance laws add yet another monopoly to the mix because parents who cannot afford private school for their kids (or who lack the means or confidence to school them at home) are obliged to accept the government-provided service that is hugely influenced by the union agenda.

Finding this to be an outrageous abuse of power, Brimelow feels no obligation to abjure name-calling—e.g., “covens of cranks”—or to camouflage his observations in academic murk. Although wordsmiths may tire of his technique of using incomplete sentences to deliver his punch lines, the very strength of his work is that he does not write like a policy wonk but as the financial journalist who (jointly with Leslie Spencer) first pounded the NEA in 1993 with the memorable and much photocopied *Forbes* exposé, “The National Extortion Association.” He candidly hopes *The Worm in the Apple* will follow in the muckraking tradition of Ida

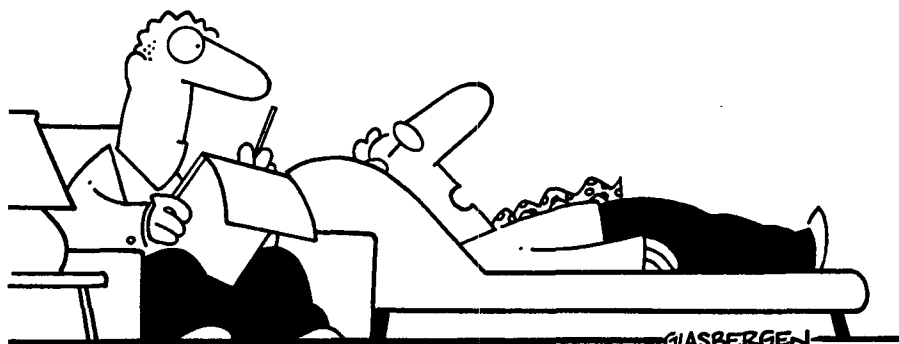
Minerva Tarbell's *History of Standard Oil* (1904), which set off alarms about the unbridled power of national corporations and paved the way for the anti-trust movement. Whether or not his book achieves equivalent success in busting what he terms the Teacher Trust, Brimelow exposes truths about the perverse influence of the teacher unions that the establishment press routinely ignores.

It is not hard to figure out why porcine greed leaped to the author's mind. The book is filled with maddening examples. The NEA and its affiliates extract from the average teacher some \$500 a year in unified dues that school administrations helpfully subtract from their paychecks. Using this loot exceeding \$1.25 billion a year, the leaders of the Teacher Trust are extremely generous—to themselves. Some state affiliates have dozens of officers drawing more than \$100,000 a year (Michigan had 75 in a recent year; Indiana, 40). The big dogs of the NEA live even fatter: in 2002, the NEA's top three officers pulled down a combined \$616,000 in salary, plus \$544,000 in cash allowances and travel. The staff perks at state and national levels fairly scream Fat City. Cadillac health care coverage is widespread: 100 percent prescription drug, 100 percent hospital room and board, unlimited dental benefits—the kind of security an average working stiff could only dream of having. NEA executive officers receive paid travel for a “companion” to the annual convention, as well as one international event per year. On and on the perks roll: credit cards, phone cards, interest-free car

loans, child care, gym memberships, and even incarceration pay if the staffer is jailed in the course of conducting union business.

Union officials sternly resist merit pay for effective teachers, pay supplements for those in hard-to-fill subjects such as math, science, and special education, and bonuses to attract bright newcomers to teaching. Their opposition is not based on what is best for education but what will feather their own nests. Staff compensation is tied to raises bargained for the entire faculty, the bad and the good alike. Particularly rich was the reaction of Washington Teachers Union president Barbara Bullock when the District of Columbia school superintendent proposed to boost starting teacher salaries 11 percent, to \$30,000, to attract worthy candidates during a teacher shortage. Bullock shot that down, asserting “[I]t's not fair for the teachers who have been here, paying their dues, working hard, not to get more money also.” News that broke after Brimelow's book went to press calls into question how concerned the leaders of the WTU were about fairness to dues-paying members of the teacher union. Bullock, now the ex-WTU chief, is one of the subjects of an FBI investigation of an alleged conspiracy in which the union's top officials used more than \$5 million of members' dues to purchase such goodies as a \$25,000 mink coat, a \$57,000 Tiffany sterling silver set of 288 pieces, and a \$13,000 flat-screen TV. The parent AFT has taken over the WTU in an attempt to remedy the scandal.

Outright embezzlement of union dues may not be common, but stealth in the use of such funds for political purposes is. Election laws require that political expenditures be publicly reported, but the teacher unions act as though they enjoy a special exemption. In Milwaukee, the local NEA affiliate endorsed a slate of anti-voucher candidates in the 1999 school board election, hoping to jettison the successful program there using vouchers to foster school choice for inner-city children. All five of the teacher union's candidates lost, but it



"My boss sent me to a mind mapping workshop and now I can't refold my brain!"

wasn't for lack of trying to aid the anti-choice candidates through illicit means. Long after the election, the union was fined for failing to report almost \$105,000 in campaign-related expenses.

One of the commonest ways the teacher unions and their allies use illegal or unethical means to push their elec-

numbers of students over the past century (one teacher per 30.5 students in 1930, compared to one teacher per 16.5 students in 1998.) And never mind that the mass of evidence establishes that crash programs to reduce class sizes do not result in gains in student achievement. Rather, they only succeed in

SCHOOL CHOICE IS WHAT THE AUTHOR DEEMS THE KRYPTONITE THAT COULD HALT THE SEEMINGLY POWERFUL TEACHER TRUST IN ITS TRACKS.

tion agenda is expropriating school facilities and supplies for political purposes, even stooping to send campaign flyers home in children's backpacks. The Landmark Legal Foundation has filed complaints with federal election officials detailing NEA concealment of political spending. The NEA even refuses to report as a political expense the \$70 million annually spent on its UniServ directors, even though UniServ agents engage in plainly political activities like organizing PACs and campaigns to elect "pro-education" candidates, which almost always translates to Democrats who will vote the NEA line unflinchingly.

Brimelow carefully analyzes the evidence of the past 35 years that there is indeed something rotten in the heart of American K-12 education. He does not contend that the teacher unions are the only cause of the deficiencies, but he does argue persuasively that they are prime culprits. Again, Brimelow blames the Teacher Trust's hoggishness in consuming educational resources without any return in increased productivity. Since the publication of the *A Nation at Risk* critique of the educational system 20 years ago, inflation-adjusted per-pupil spending has increased 45 percent, yet measures of overall student and school performance remain stuck on mediocre. Nevertheless, one of the main "reform" planks of the teacher unions entails massive hiring of more teachers to reduce class size—never mind that the government school system has employed ever more teachers compared to its

padding the roles of the teacher unions, which is why they so avidly support class size reduction.

School choice is what the author deems the kryptonite that could halt the seemingly powerful Teacher Trust in its tracks. In a chapter devoted entirely to choice, he demonstrates how the hysterical reactions of NEA and AFT leaders to any and all voucher proposals betray their awareness of the threat to their monopoly power. To choice advocates, however, Brimelow offers a cautionary note: if the NEA and AFT ever conclude vouchers are inevitable, they will begin to make a concerted effort to organize private school teachers. That would be consistent with the Teacher Trust's long-time rule: "If you can't beat 'em, make 'em join."

In a concluding chapter, Brimelow offers a 24-point "wish list" of actions that could loosen the Teacher Trust's death grip on education. He offers his wishes without regard to their political feasibility. Clearly in many cases, Democrats and "moderate" Republicans would block overt action to bust the Trust. Wish No. 1—a federal antitrust statute to forbid teacher union dues percolating up from the locals to the national unions—would probably not get far. Other wishes might not be so far-fetched, however. Paycheck Protection, laws giving union members the right to withhold the portion of their dues going to political causes, is something that enjoys widespread public support. His final wish is: Abolish the U.S. Department of Education. "The NEA wanted

this federal toehold. *Chop it off.*" This is, however, wishful thinking. When Republicans had the power to press that action on tenth amendment grounds, they lacked the will or ability to follow through. Now, GOP leaders boast of how much they have increased spending for this bureaucratic Leviathan, while Democrats lament that the outlays are not nearly enough.

This impressively documented and highly readable book should help raise awareness of how the exercise of raw power by greedy unions is depressing the quality of elementary and secondary education in the USA. Every parent and school board member should have a copy. ■

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[*Made In Texas: George W. Bush and the Southern Takeover of American Politics*, Michael Lind, Basic Books, 201 pages]

Messing with Texas

By Samuel Francis

MICHAEL LIND'S WILLINGNESS to buttress what the establishment Left wants to believe (and wants the rest of the country to believe) is perhaps one explanation for his sudden splash into celebrity only a few years ago, but surely not the only one. His first full-length book, *The Next American Nation*, was a learned and cleverly argued interpretation of American history that comprised the ideological foundation of the author's "liberal nationalism," a creed he has served up in most of his other books as well.

Of the three Lind books that I have read, all, including his latest, display the same flashes of brilliance and often ingenious talent of spying historical and cultural patterns that no one else has detected. All of them also suffer from the

same flaws: his efforts to push cultural, political, and historical realities into the convenient categories he has discovered, even when they don't fit, and a steady, harsh, almost obsessively angry polemic directed against a standard set of the author's favorite targets: conservatives (neoconservatives in particular); the American South, especially its Celtic manifestations; and religion of almost all species (especially "supernaturalist" Christianity). In *Made In Texas*, Lind not only trips into the same fallacies but also eagerly seizes the opportunity offered by the administration of George W. Bush to clobber the same targets.

The argument is that Texas, or at least one cultural-political pattern in it, has taken over the country through the persona of George W. Bush, his Christian Right allies, and a Republican Party controlled by fellow Lone Star rangers Dick Armey, Phil Gramm, Tom DeLay, and Dick Cheney. With a little help from the brains provided by the neoconservative Jews of the northeast, the Texas mafia has plotted a cowboy crusade against Iraq and other Arab states, permitted the country to be flooded with illegal immigrants to supply cheap labor, and, out of subservience to Texas oil and agribusiness interests, gutted all the environmental policies constructed by previous administrations. In addition to war-mongering, greed, and reckless disregard for nature, the Bush gang is also racist, and while no special manifestation of that sin comes easily to mind, Lind throws it in anyway to complete the picture he is trying to paint.

The Texas Mr. Bush and his cabal represent is symbolized by the city of Waco. It is in Waco that Baylor University, a Southern Baptist center, is located, there in 1916 that Jesse Washington—a black teenager who confessed to raping a white woman—was burned alive and there that the Ku Klux Klan in 1923 held a public parade of some 2,000 members. It was in Waco, too, that David Koresh and his Branch Davidians nested, and the city is thus doubly notorious, "first for the ritual public burning of Jesse Washington and then for the apocalyptic immolation of

David Koresh and his cult." The relevance of the heart of darkness that festers in Waco ought to be obvious enough, as the city is only 18 miles from Crawford, where President Bush has a ranch. If you think that Waco, Crawford, and the demons that seem to reside around them are all that Texas has to offer, be not deceived. As Lind makes clear, Waco and Crawford are not really in the West at all, "but in the Deep South."

There is another Texas, one that shines in Lind's eye as a kind and gentle land, not settled by Anglo-Celtic Southern Protestants whose ancestors "had been conquering and expropriating other ethnic nations for centuries," but by German and Scandinavian pioneers, who made friends with the Indians, collected large libraries, cultivated orchards, and in general just loved mankind. It was out of this "German-Scandinavian" Texas that one of Lind's heroes, Lyndon Johnson came, as did the author himself.

AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY HE DELIVERS A FEW MORE INSULTS TO THE ANGLO-CELTIC LOWLIFES HE DESPISES.

Lind, you see, is from Texas, and in the preface to his book he spends nearly three pages telling us all about his ancestry and why they have little to do with the Evil Texas. It soon becomes clear that in spite of a good deal of erudition in Texas history, geography, folklore, and politics, much of what he might have imparted to his readers is soon immersed in a fog of ideological-political bias, social snobbery, and personal resentment. At every opportunity he delivers a few more insults to the Anglo-Celtic lowlifes he despises.

"While the Waco/Crawford area is infamous for its violent religious fanatics and its shocking lynchings," he writes, "the [German-settled] Hill Country has long been a haven for mavericks of all kinds—the very sort of people who are not welcome among many of George W. Bush's neighbors," and in contrast to the utopian German-Scandinavian areas of peace-loving orchard-keepers,

In the regions of Texas infused with traditional Southern culture ... deviance in political views, religious belief, behavior, or even dress could—and sometimes still can—subject one to ostracism, verbal harassment, physical beatings, or even murder. A small-m maverick in the vicinity of the present-day Johnson ranch could always be certain that his life and property would be secure. Throughout most of the history of Texas, a maverick living near the present-day Bush ranch could not be sure about his safety.

This sort of bitter characterization of the conservative, Confederate, fundamentalist, and mainly Anglo-Celtic Texas he hates—"a toxic by-product of the hierarchical plantation society of the American South, a cruel caste society in which the white, brown, and black majority labor for inadequate rewards

while a cultivated but callous oligarchy of rich white families and their hirelings in the professions dominate the economy, politics, and the rarefied air of academic and museum culture," on the one hand—and the "modernist" or "cosmopolitan," Unionist, secular, and mainly Germanic-Scandinavian Texas he coos over—"a society eager to embrace the Space Age and the Information Age ... led ... by a visionary and earnest elite of entrepreneurs, engineers, reformist politicians, and dedicated civil servants, many of them self-made men and women from humble origins ... a broadly egalitarian meritocracy, not a traditional social order stratified by caste and class" on the other—continues without surcease throughout the first two chapters and is a steady refrain in most of the remainder. Lind's inability to let it go for even a moment is at first offensive in its determination to issue the meanest

and most sweeping generalizations he can imagine about an entire population group and its culture but soon becomes merely tiresome and at last comically predictable and childish one-sided.

Lind insists that George W. Bush is a creature of the degraded culture, he describes. However improbable that may seem for a descendant of New England Brahmins, whatever the president's antecedents, he is certainly the arch-villain of the book, while the collective hero is a whole tradition that Lind dubs "Texas modernism." Its proponents include Edward House, Woodrow Wilson's adviser at the Paris Peace Conference and author of a novel advocating a Progressivist dictatorship in the United States, and continue with Lyndon Johnson himself, Ross Perot, Bobby Ray Inman, Barbara Jordan, Sam Rayburn, and John Connally. "Their goal," much like that of House's fictional dictator Philip Dru, "was a modernizing economic and social revolution from above in Texas, and their chosen instrument was state capitalism—civilian or military. They were not socialists, but they were statist," and they "were the major rivals to the traditionalists in twentieth-century Texas."

The "traditionalists," of course, are the genocidal religious neurotics whom Lind thinks have the Good Guys surrounded down at the corral. When Lind is forcing himself to be nice, they are representatives of "traditional Southern conservatism," but more often he prefers the term "reactionary." Indeed, it seems to be an unexamined article of Mr. Lind's simple faith that human history is a unilinear process involving a continuous struggle between the Good Guys ("modernists") and the Bad Guys ("reactionaries" and "traditionalists"). Lind seems to think that Progress must come, even if a small band of "modernists" needs to seize power in the state and force utopia onto the unwilling. "Texas modernism" is merely the local manifestation of the "liberal nationalism" that Lind has boomed in his other books, a "nationalism" that relies on the centralizing federal government to spon-

sor social reforms, economic growth, and progress in general.

Lind is quite right that just such a tradition exists in American history, and his analysis of who does and who does not belong to it is usually keen. It is also, of course, a tradition that, *pace* Mr. Lind, is responsible for just about everything wrong in the annals of the American nation, launching most of the wars in our history, ballooning the size and power of the federal government, and wrecking American society through state-managed social engineering and economic regulation.

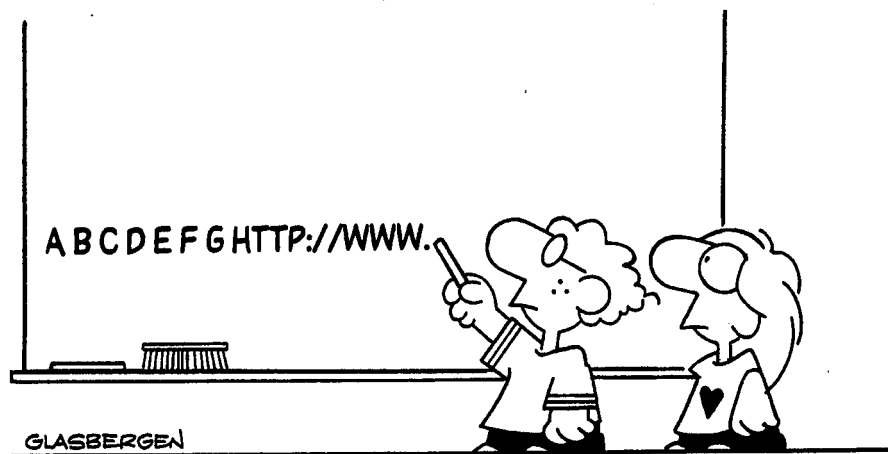
Given Lind's affection for statism, his hostility to the projected war against Iraq may seem difficult to explain—until one recalls that the war is in part the brain-child of the wicked President Bush, in league with what Lind keeps telling us are the "mostly Jewish" neoconservatives allied with the "reactionary white Southern Protestant fundamentalists." Lind does offer a brief paragraph explaining that the "Jewish hawks" are not representative of "Jewish-Americans in general" and that not all neocons are Jewish, but the paint on his picture is already dry by the time he scribbles in the obligatory disclaimers.

Despite Lind's own thinly disguised ethnic hatred of the Other Texas, his book contains quite a bit of useful information and some striking insights. His account of the neoconservative policy empire in Washington and New York is valuable in itself, as is his discussion of the Judaeophilic theology of the Christ-

ian Right as a foundation of its alliance with the neoconservatives. Lind also effectively demolishes the claim that reducing immigration will result in higher production costs and shows how free trade leads to colonial dependency on the part of those countries that practice it. As for George W. Bush, Lind has probably attributed to him a far more sinister and sophisticated character than this president possesses. The president's actual personality and character vanish as Lind stuffs them into his prefabricated bag of cultural and political stereotypes.

What Lind wants for the future is simply the triumph of "Texas modernism" forever and ever, with the federal government managing American society and the economy in such a way as to redistribute the urban underclass away from the "coastal rim" of the country throughout the rural heartland and to construct a "high-tech infrastructure" throughout rural areas. If nothing else, such a state-managed program of demographic and economic redistribution would gut the Evil Texas and its analogues in other states that Lind loathes so much. Had he been able to overcome whatever demons seem to haunt him, Lind might have written a far more useful contribution to American political-cultural analysis. Sadly, he has not. ■

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With Corporal Daphna in the Golan

As of this writing, the guns have not begun to roar, so I'll lighten up a bit and tell you about the last time the jet-set was in the Golan Heights, during the Yom Kippur

War of 1973. Back then, I was employed by the oldest morning newspaper in Greece, the *Acropolis*. In fact, I was the *numero uno* correspondent of *Acropolis*, probably because I was the only Greek journalist who could write in another language.

On the first Sunday of October, I had gone to the Athens Tennis Club for a hit when I was called to the telephone and told to go down to the newspaper. My boss at the time was owner and publisher Nassos Botsis, a tall, elegant 75-year-old lecher who made most rock stars seem celibate by comparison. Botsis was rich but always in debt because of his gambling, and he loved women, nightclubs, and the dissolute life. Needless to say, despite the age difference, we were fast friends. That morning, when I arrived at the paper, the editor handed me a Telex card and asked me if I was ready to fly to Egypt.

The day before, Egyptian troops had thrown pontoon bridges over the Suez Canal and had crossed into the Israeli-occupied Sinai. Simultaneously, Syria had attacked the Golan Heights. Israel was fighting on two fronts, and things looked bad. The Arabs, I figured, had closed their airports, and, in any case, covering a war from the Arab side is a losing proposition. (You're locked into a basement and allowed out only to be given Arab communiqués announcing victories.) On the other hand, Israel was waiting for all the reservists who were outside Israel proper to fly home. So I told the editor that it would be smarter

to fly to Israel instead of Egypt. He agreed. Botsis was against it, but once I told him that Israeli women soldiers were very sexy in their uniforms and that if Israel survived I would set things up with couple of lieutenants and he could fly down and join me, he agreed with alacrity. His last words to me were, "Make sure they're young and that they wear uniforms."

I managed to get on an El Al flight that was full of reservists and took an old karate buddy of mine, Jeff Jansz, along as a photographer. Once in Tel Aviv, I contacted my friend Joe Fried, then writing for the *New York Times*, whom I had met in Vietnam and who had shown me the ropes around Saigon and Da Nang.

WE WERE YOUNG BACK THEN, AND WE HAD FUN. WAR WAS DIFFERENT, AT LEAST COVERING IT WAS.

Joe told me to go to Beit Sokolov, the press center, to establish my credentials and to rent a car. Having done all that, I checked into the Hilton and went to the bar ready for a good night's fun before the expected bang-bang of the morrow.

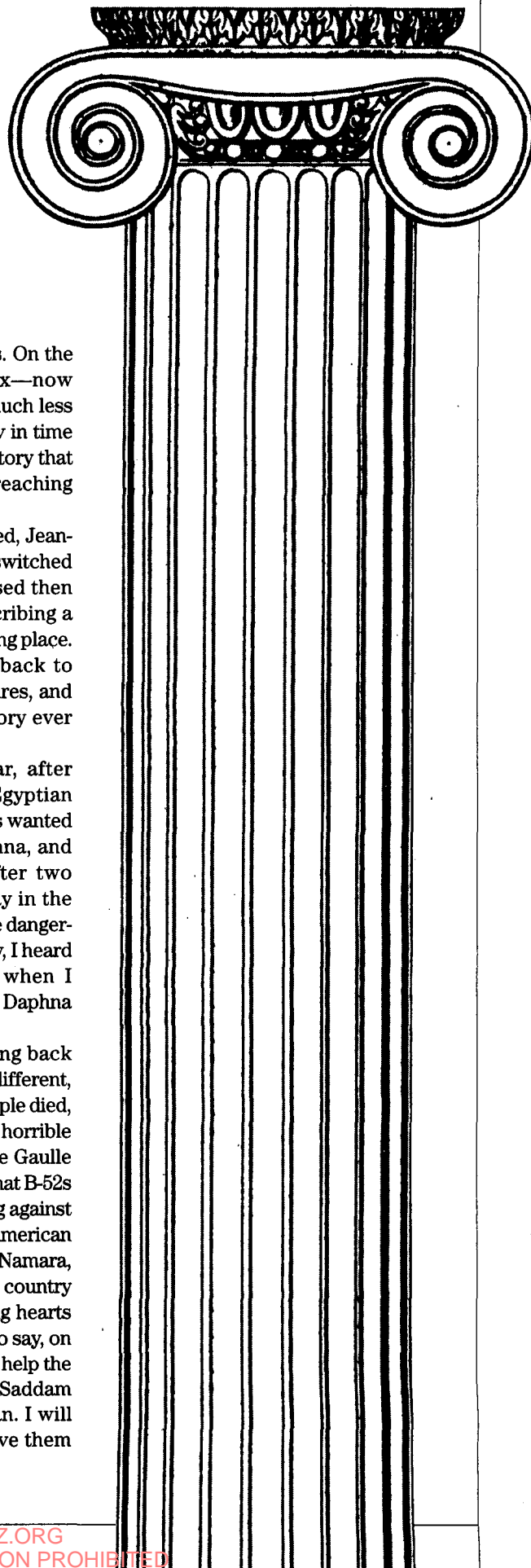
That is when I saw the strangest of sights. It was from a Hollywood movie, or better yet, a Hemingway story filmed by Hollywood. There was Alix Chevasus, all suntanned and soigné in a khaki uniform last worn by a Bengal Lancer, or perhaps by Stewart Granger in "King Solomon's Mines." His desert boots

were Gucci. (For any of you who have never heard of him, Alix was a famous playboy back then. He has since retired and lives quietly in Paris.) Next to Alix stood a man in a Lacoste shirt whose face looked awfully familiar, and next to him was one of my oldest and closest friends, Jean-Claude Sauer, a war photographer for *Paris Match* (now also retired) who may or may not have committed adultery with the beautiful wife of a South Vietnamese air marshal and vice president. All three were cheerfully celebrating.

After the initial greetings, Jean-Claude introduced me to the man in the tennis shirt, who turned out to be Group Captain Peter Townsend, the Battle of Britain hero and the man whom Princess Margaret fell rather hard for after the war. Townsend was there to report for *Paris Match*, while Alix had decided to fly down with Jean-Claude after a heavy

night of drinking at Regine's in Paris. Jean-Claude got the call from the magazine in the club and dared Alix to come along. That one of the greatest tank battles in history was taking place never seemed to have entered their minds. I found it odd but agreed to take them with me the next day.

Early the next morning we drove towards the Golan. After Tiberias, the Golan rises forbiddingly. We could hear heavy artillery pounding the junction town of El-Kuneitra. It was the fourth day of the war, and the Israelis were



stemming the Syrian tide and beginning to counterattack. Jean-Claude, who had raced at Le Mans, was doing the driving and going much too fast. Ambulances and trucks carrying knocked-out tanks were roaring in the opposite direction, so I warned JC, as only I call him, that most reporters killed in wartime die in car accidents. As we started to climb towards El-Kuneitra, we saw the first destroyed Syrian tanks still smoldering; bodies of supporting infantry were strewn all around. Peter Townsend wanted to get out and inspect the bodies, as he had never seen a dead man before despite having eleven kills of German airplanes. I kept warning JC to slow down and keep going. That is when Alix turned to me and rather arrogantly asked, "Are you afraid?" My answer is not printable in this particular magazine, but then something happened. Boom, boom, we were suddenly caught in heavy artillery fire. We screeched to a halt and ran for cover, but there was none to be had, so we lay flat on the ground trying to look as cool as possible. Alix, however, froze and would not get out of the car. Worse, Jean-Claude had left the engine on and the Syrians (we were told) were firing heat-seeking missiles. "Go and get him," shouted Jean-Claude to me, "It's your car." "F— you," was my answer, "you brought him along, he's your responsibility." "I better go," said JC, "If something happens to him, Regine will never let me back in ..." or words to that effect.

When the shelling stopped, Sauer, Townsend, and I left Alix behind (He kept repeating, "*Je ne veux pas mourir*"—"I don't want to die"—as if in a trance.) and pressed on. The Israelis had taken Kuneitra, and we followed their tanks

while they pursued the Syrians. On the way back, we picked up Alix—now wiser to the ways of war and much less arrogant—and reached Tel Aviv in time for me to file a blood and guts story that had the boys back in Athens reaching for their pith helmets.

The following week, Joe Fried, Jean-Claude, Jeff, Townsend, and I switched to the Sinai where we witnessed then unknown Geraldo Rivera describing a firefight that wasn't exactly taking place. (*Plus ça change.*) Alix flew back to Paris, embellished our adventures, and he's been dining out on the story ever since. (Why not?)

On the last day of the war, after Sharon had surrounded the Egyptian Third Army, I found what Botsis wanted all along. Her name was Daphna, and she was only a corporal. After two weeks of dodging shells, a day in the company of jet-setters (far more dangerous), and filing two stories a day, I heard only one thing from Botsis when I returned: "Why didn't you bring Daphna back with you?"

So, there it is. We were young back then, and we had fun. War was different, at least covering it was. Still, people died, people suffered, and war was as horrible as it always is. When Charles de Gaulle warned a young Jack Kennedy that B-52s would not be able to do anything against Vietnamese nationalism, some American policy-makers, starting with McNamara, laughed out loud. Devastating a country is not the same thing as winning hearts and minds. I am now, needless to say, on the side of our boys, but heaven help the neocons if after the demise of Saddam the you-know-what hits the fan. I will personally lead the fight to have them neutered for the duration. ■

What's on the minds of today's leading conservatives?



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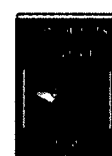
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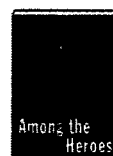
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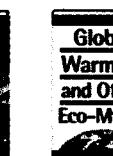
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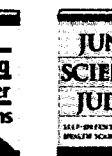
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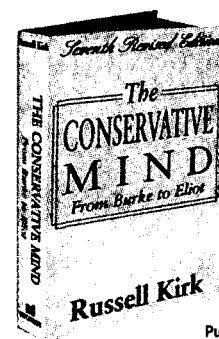
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"But the conservatives, who never abandoned the idea of community, still retain vitality, and with them lies the hope for arresting the might of political totalitarianism."

— Russell Kirk, *The Conservative Mind*

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